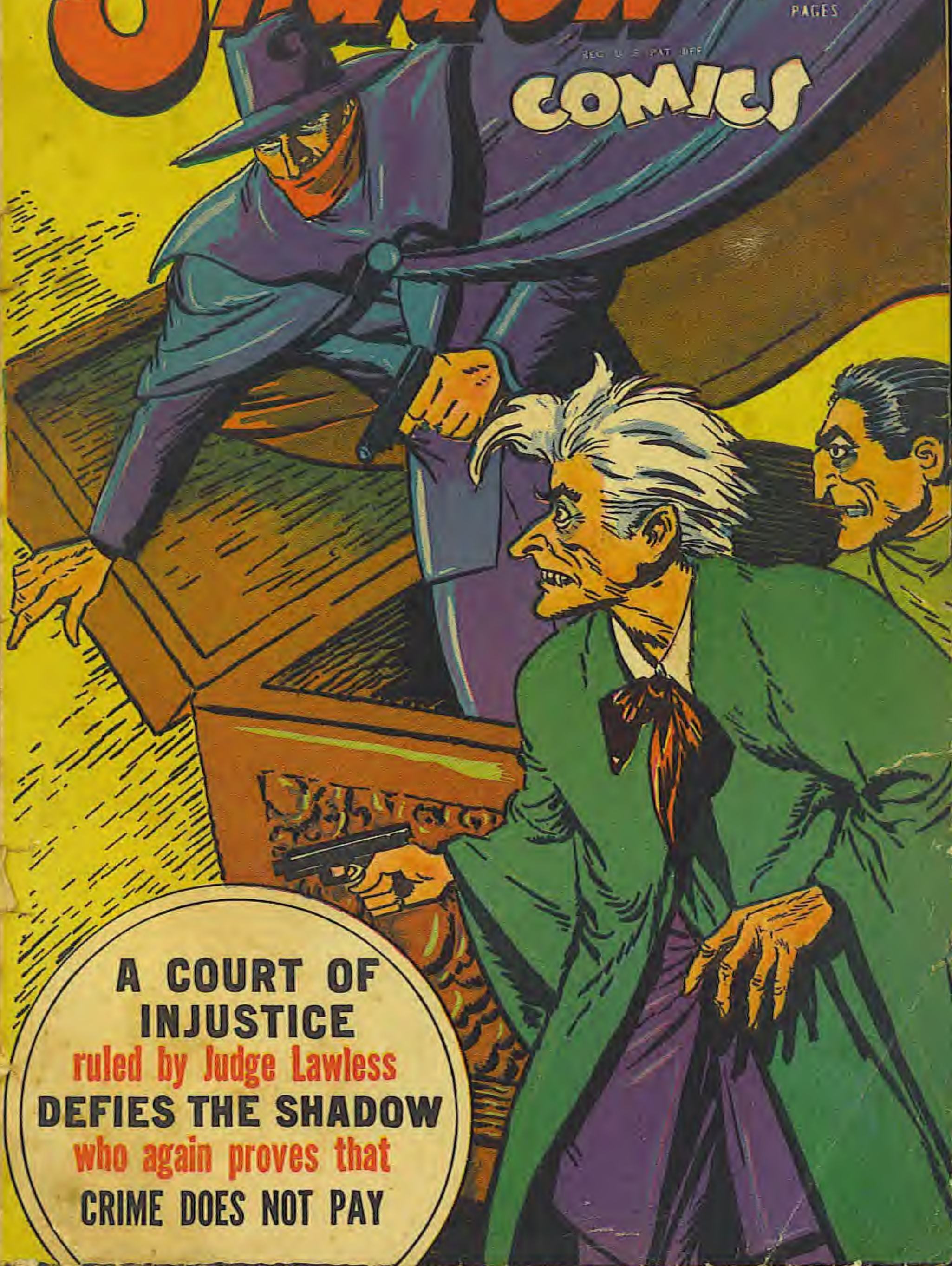


JUNE 1946  
Vol. 6 No. 3

# Shadow

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
COMICS

MONEY'S  
YOUR **10¢** WORTH  
FIFTY TWO  
PAGES



**A COURT OF  
INJUSTICE**  
*ruled by Judge Lawless*  
**DEFIES THE SHADOW**  
*who again proves that*  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**



Wm. J. de Grouchy  
EDITOR

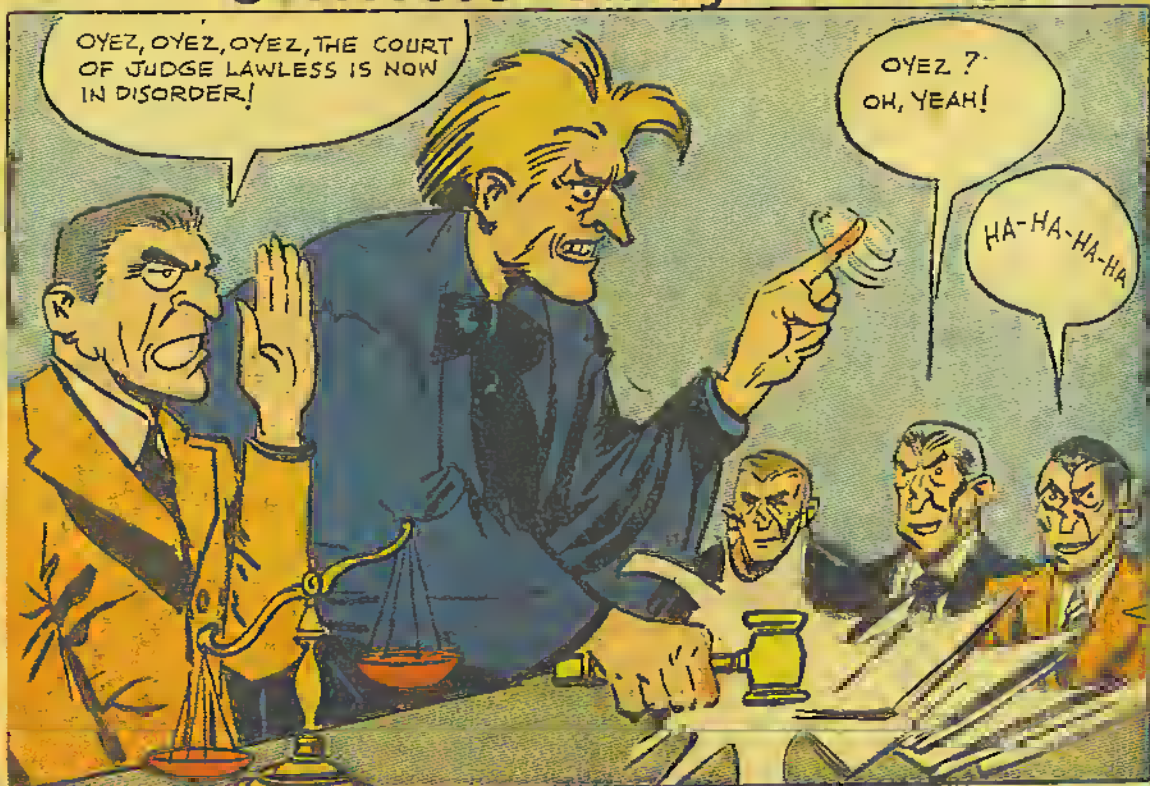
# Shadow COMICS

Ivan H. Dattels  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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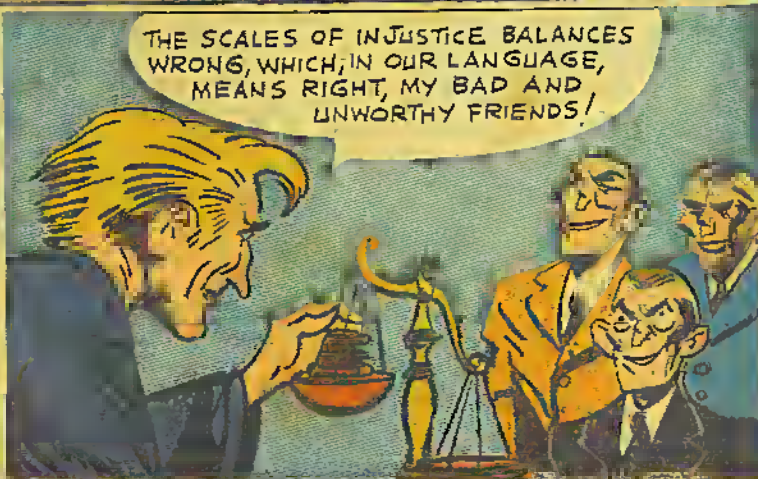
Vol. 10, No. 30, June, 1946. SHADOW COMICS is published monthly by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 127 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Copyright, 1946, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Registered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10 cents. \$1.00 for 12-issue subscription in the U. S. A.; in Pan American Union, \$1.25 for 12 issues; elsewhere, \$1.50 for 12 issues. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage. The editorial contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publisher's permission. All fictional characters mentioned in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or character to any real person is coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

## The Shadow Convicts Judge Lawless



BURIED DEEP SOMEWHERE  
IN THE CITY IS THE COURT  
OF INJUSTICE PRESIDED  
OVER BY A SUPER-CRIMINAL  
WHO STYLES HIMSELF  
**JUDGE LAWLESS,**  
WHO MAKES A  
MOCKERY OF ALL  
THINGS LEGAL AND  
EVEN DEFILES THE  
**SHADOW**

!!!



ALL IS IN CRIME'S FAVOR.  
TONIGHT WE ENTER THE  
MARMADUKE MANSION...



... AND BRING BACK THE  
FAMOUS CHEST CONTAINING  
THE MARMADUKE TREASURES!  
GO, MY UNWORTHIES... ALL  
IS ARRANGED!

LET'S  
GO!

IT WILL BE  
A CINC!

THE JUDGE  
FIXES EVERY-  
THING!



MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF  
THIS NOTE, CRANSTON?



I THINK, MAYBE, THIS CHAP  
LAWLESS MEANS IT!

BAH! THE THING  
IS A HOAX TO  
DRAW US TO THE  
WRONG PLACE.



YOU'RE RIGHT,  
COMMISSIONER, I  
FIGURE THE ZENITH  
NATIONAL BANK IS  
CRIME'S NEXT STOP.  
SO, I'M PUTTING MY  
MEN THERE!

Tonight we will  
enter the  
Marmaduke  
mansions and  
take away the  
big chest-load  
of family  
treasure...  
Lawless



LATER

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LAMONT?

LET'S TAKE A DRIVE AROUND TOWN AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

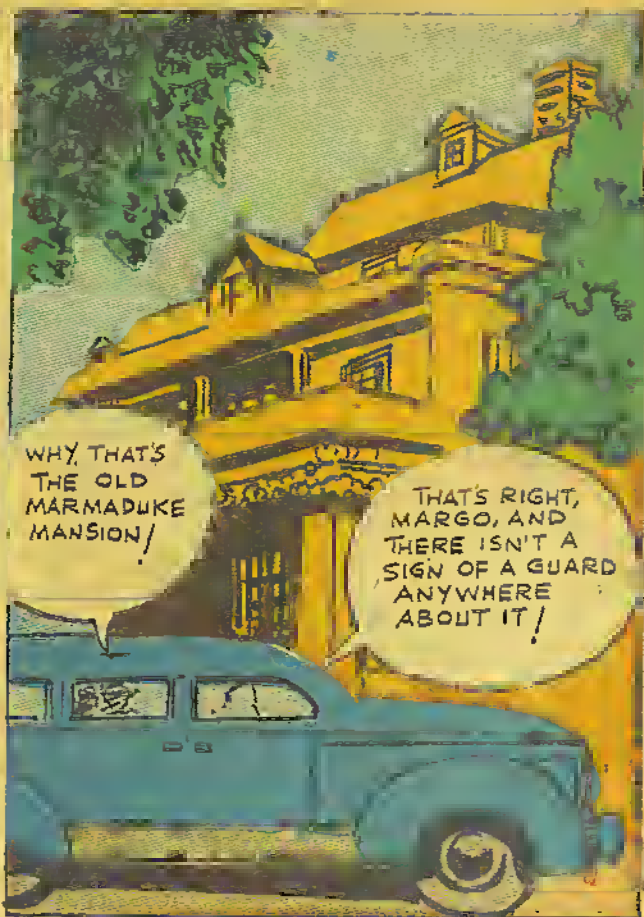


BUT AREN'T THERE A LOT OF SERVANTS IN THE PLACE?

YES... BUT THEY WON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST LAWLESS AND HIS LAWLESS CROWD!



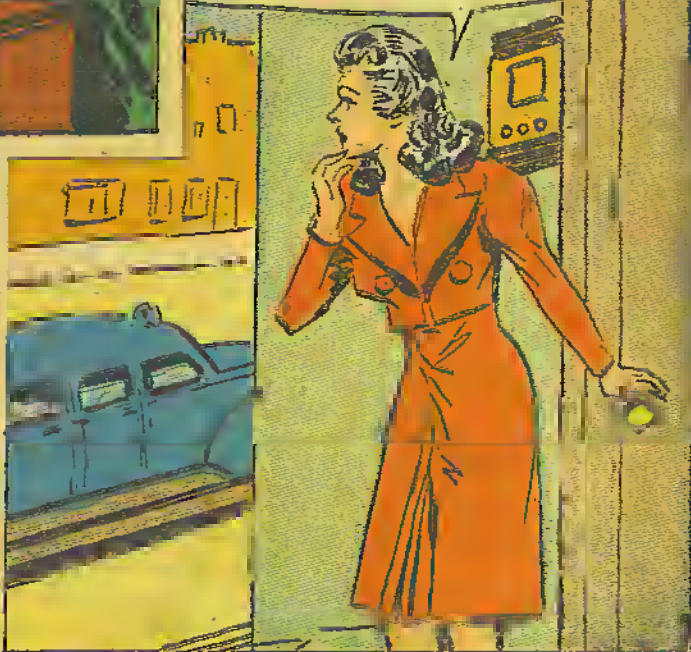
THIS CASE DEMANDS SPECIAL ATTENTION, MARGO. HERE'S YOUR APARTMENT SO YOU'D BETTER STOP OFF. I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



WHY, THAT'S THE OLD MARMADUKE MANSION!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARGO, AND THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF A GUARD ANYWHERE ABOUT IT!

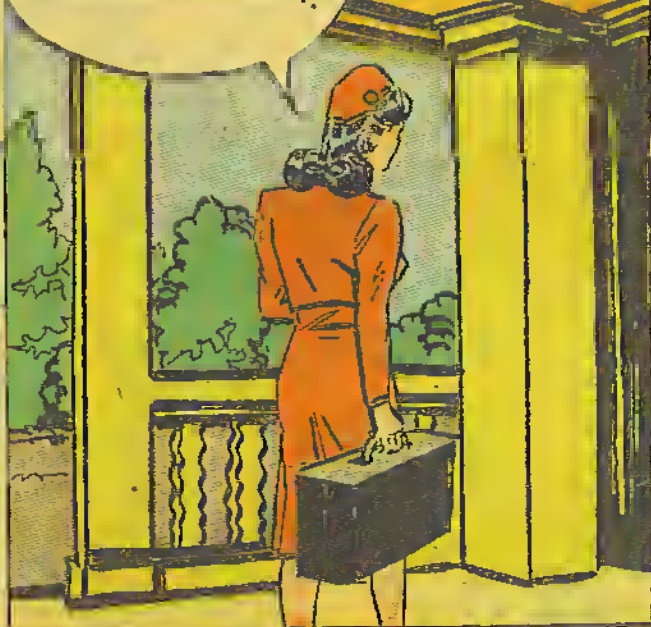
SPECIAL ATTENTION! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I THINK I'LL HANDLE THIS CASE MYSELF!



MRS. MARMADUKE? YOU WANDA  
NEW MAID? --GOOT, I COME  
RIGHT OFER... QUICKER!!!



THAT'S SOMETHING  
LAMONT DOESN'T  
KNOW.... THAT MRS.  
MARMADUKE IS  
ALWAYS FIRING  
MAIDS AND CONSTANTLY  
NEEDS A NEW ONE!!!



YOU MAY BEGIN WORK AT ONCE.  
I SHALL HAVE YOU SHOWN TO  
YOUR ROOM

MUCH TANKS,  
MRS. MARMADUKE



MY NAME.. SHE  
IS GRATCHA,  
A GOOT  
NAME

VERY GOOT...  
I MEAN GOOD.  
I AM BARKER,  
THE BUTLER. BE  
READY WHEN I  
SUMMON YOU!



NOW TO CHANGE INTO  
THE MAID'S COSTUME!





HOW TO TACKLE A  
VERY TOUGH  
PROBLEM!

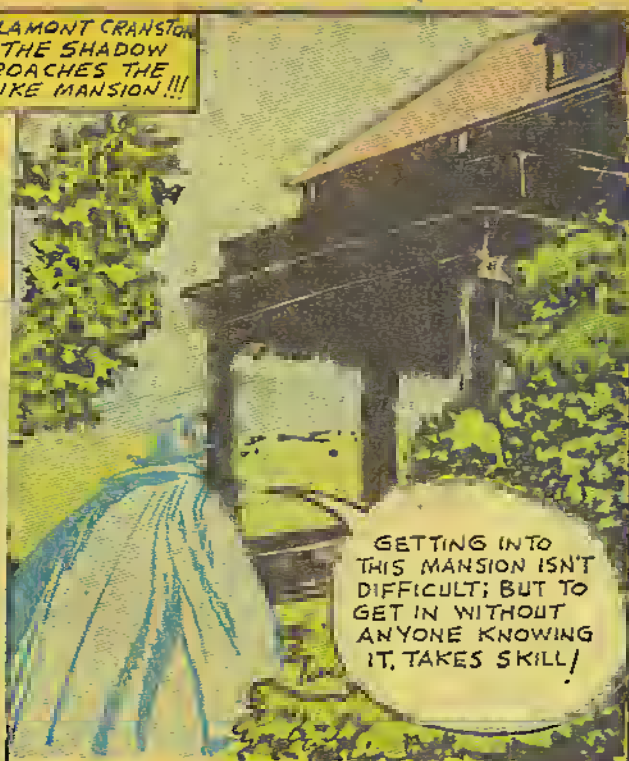
AT DUSK, LAMONT CRANSTON  
BECOMES THE SHADOW  
AND APPROACHES THE  
MARMADUKE MANSION!!!



THESE CHIMNEYS LOOK SMALL  
FROM THE STREET, BUT  
THEY'RE LARGER THAN  
THEY LOOK...



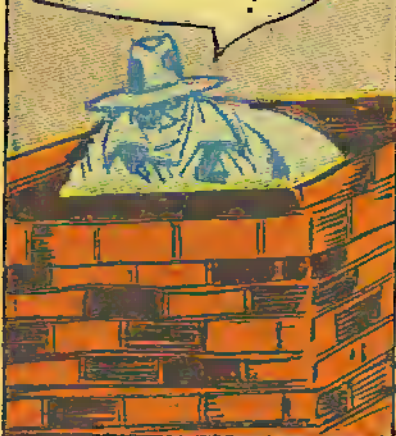
GETTING INTO  
THIS MANSION ISN'T  
DIFFICULT; BUT TO  
GET IN WITHOUT  
ANYONE KNOWING  
IT, TAKES SKILL!



NOW TO TAKE OFF  
THIS SOOT AND BECOME  
INVISIBLE AGAIN!  
THEN I CAN LOOK  
FOR THE TREASURE!



... AND THEY'RE LARGE  
ENOUGH FOR A QUICK  
TRIP DOWN!





HERE'S THE  
JOINT, BUT  
HOW DO  
WE GET  
IN?

WITH THIS BIG  
BATTERING RAM  
THE JUDGE  
TOLD US TO  
BRING

HEAVE-HOLD,  
EVERYBODY,  
AND LET  
RAM...



LIKE  
THIS!!

**BAM**

HANDS UP AND STAND  
BACK... IF YOU DON'T  
WANT TO GET  
HURT!

NOW TO FIND  
THE TREASURE  
CHEST



INDEED, THIS  
IS AN  
IMPOSITION!

YEAH, WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
ABOUT IT?

I'LL DO  
SOMETHING...  
I MEAN  
SOMTINK...

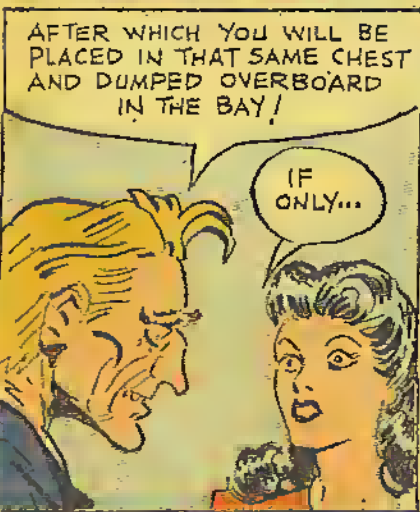
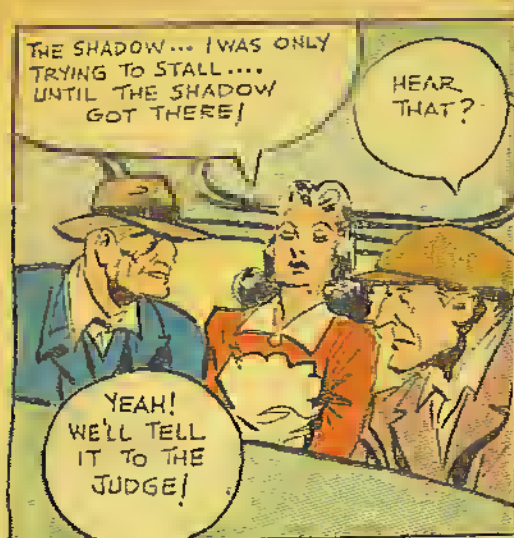
YOU  
WILL?



YOU'LL COME ALONG  
WITH US, MISS  
SMARTY!

SORT









HE'S EVERYWHERE...

HE'S NOWHERE...

I'LL FIND HIM...

ALRIGHT, LAWLESS...



You did!



HERE COME THE POLICE! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD THE SHOOTING...

WE'LL SLIDE OUT AND LET THEM TAKE OVER!



THERE GOES JUDGE LAWLESS, WITH THE REST OF HIS MOB!

THE COMMISSIONER WILL PROMOTE US FOR THIS!

THE SHADOW'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE, MARGO. HE FOUND THE TREASURE CHEST, PLACED ITS CONTENTS ELSEWHERE, AND GOT INSIDE FOR A FREE TRIP RIGHT TO CRIME'S HEADQUARTERS!

THE SHADOW KNOWS! AND THAT'S MORE THAN I DO!

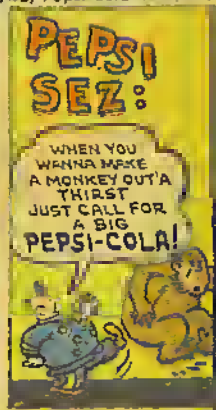
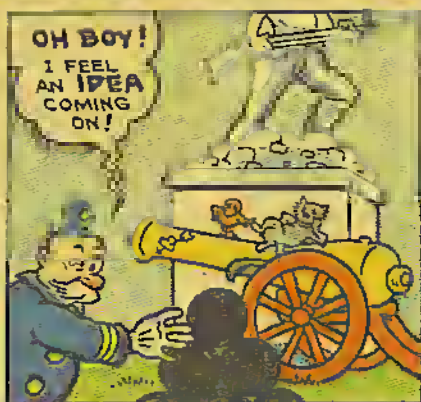
## 5 STREET & SMITH COMICS

AIR ACE—Aviation-Science comics  
SHADOW—high adventure comics  
SUPER MAGICIAN—magic comics  
SUPERSWIPE—real boy comics  
TRUE SPORT—real sport comics

ALWAYS NEW THRILLING INTERESTING

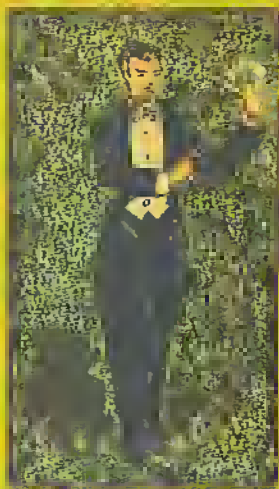


# "PEPSI" ... THE PEPSI-COLA CO.



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# Inner Circle

## NICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE HOCUS CORPUS!

"Probably never in all my varied and I do mean varied experiences, with crime and criminals have I run into as bizarre and outre a case as the one I shall try to describe to you today."

Nick Carter grinned at the members of the Inner Circle who, as always, were enthralled when Nick had a case to describe.

"Crime, murder, is bad no matter what the background of the kill," Nick continued, "but when it's all tied up with magic and magicians . . . oh, brother! One night, not long ago, I went to the theater. I expected to see a wonderful new magician who had just come to New York. It was his New York debut and I suppose he was excited. He came out as the curtains raised, smiled a little nervously and said, 'Good evening, friends, I shall try to amuse you with varied sleights, hocus, pocus and legerdemain. If you watch very closely, I shall fool you even more . . . for the closer you watch the less you'll see!'

"That was just his spiel . . . but it turned out to be true in more ways than one! He wasn't a sensational act. I've seen better, but he was a clean performer. He did small stuff, vanishing bird cage, cards, he produced billiard balls out of the air . . . and then he announced that his most sensational stunt would be a substitution illusion. It was sensational all right!

"He stood in stage center while his assistants came out and pulled a trunk into place

He gestured for them to open it and he climbed in. A girl stood at his side. He said very seriously that in ten seconds he would change places with the girl. She would be inside the locked, bound trunk and He would be free.

"He got into the trunk. It was locked, straps were tied around it and the girl smiled. A framework of light canvas was put around the trunk. This was like a three fold screen. The girl stepped behind the screen. An assistant counted the seconds with a stop watch. There was a revolver shot and the assistants tore the screen away. The magician, Grove, stood there. The girl had disappeared. Grove looked dazed. He stumbled forward towards the footlights and tried to speak. While he stood there wavering, the assistants tore the trunk open and the girl stepped out; she looked astounded. As she stepped out of the trunk, Grove raised hands and fell forward, off the stage into the orchestra pit.

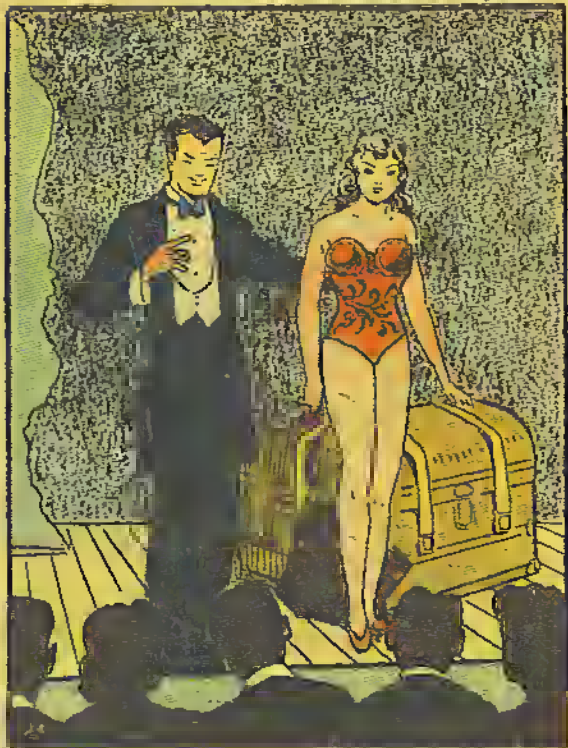
"He was dead before anyone could get him out of the kettle drum he landed in." Nick paused, took a drink of water and said, "All the circumstances were bollixed up to begin with, for after all, Grove was a magician and the trick was designed to fool us so that we wouldn't know who was where, when. Then, just as people in the theatre realized that something serious had gone wrong, there was a gasp from everyone. Grove was back on the stage getting up from behind the trunk. He felt his head as though he'd been blackjacked.

"That did it. The audience was on its feet screaming, scared, puzzled . . . they couldn't imagine what had happened. For that mat-



ter neither could I. I had made my way to the corpse and was looking at it when the gasps drew my attention to the stage. Grove looked down at me. I looked down at Grove, dead.

"I could feel my head spinning. I said 'Call the police. This man has been shot!' I called the ushers to me and had them cover the exits of the theatre so no one could leave



till the police got there. Grove, at least the one on the stage, the live one, said, 'So he tried to ruin me! My twin brother, the black sheep... I always knew he'd try to do it!'

"I had thought of the twin angle because I knew that there are some magic illusions that are dependent on a double. But I knew that the substitution trunk trick was not one of these. None of the other tricks Grove had done needed a double.

"The police got there just in time to quell a small riot, people were furious, not wanting to get involved with a murder investigation that they knew would be messy, they were trying to get out of the theatre. The strong arm squad put an end to that.

"Clancy, a friend of mine on homicide, came up to me. He asked what the score was and I had to attempt to describe what had happened. He looked puzzled.

"We went upstage and talked to Grove. He was a wreck. The girl assistant looked ready to cry. She said, 'And we never had

time to do your best trick. The cigarettes from the air!' He almost snarled at her. 'I'm ruined. My New York debut is debris, and you talk about the production of lit cigarettes from the air!' We let them beef to each other and Clancy and I went over and looked at the trunk. I don't want to give the secret of the trunk away as it's a very baffling bit of magic. Suffice it to say that what seemed to have happened, was that as Grove got into the trunk and the girl out, he had fired a shot to let the audience know he was successful. We looked at the gun. It had five blank cartridges in it. Well, that wasn't too puzzling. Anyone could have put a real cartridge in the gun.

"But, what knocked all of us for a loop was that when the Medical Examiner got there he looked at the corpse and said that it had been dead for about two hours!

"Now... although all this has taken quite a while in the telling, in actuality I don't think more than a half an hour had gone by between the shot and the arrival of the M.E."

Nick shook his head and said, "I started to feel as though I were in the middle of a waking nightmare. Nothing hung together. Let's assume that Grove's twin had arrived and planned to louse up Grove's act. Let's assume too, that he was behind the trunk ready to appear and ruin Grove's trick when he got out of the trunk. Let's assume also,







that Grove, ready to shoot off the blank, was startled when he saw his twin and instinctively fired the blank at his twin. Where had the real cartridge come from and how come the corpse was two hours dead?"

Nick's voice left the question hanging in the air. He then continued. "We might still have been chasing around in circles if I hadn't had a brainstorm. I thought to myself . . . This is a case involving a magician . . . Nothing is the way it really looks . . . let's turn everything upsidedown and then take a look . . . I did and I was surprised at what I saw!

"Grove and his girl were still arguing across the stage. I winked at Clancy and walked over to Grove. I said, 'Pardon the interruption . . . but may I see the palms of your hands, Mr. Grove?' He raised them, looking puzzled and I looked at his white, clean hands. They were soft and supple just the way you'd imagine a magician's hands should look. That tore it!

"Grove must have seen from my face that I knew. He made a gesture . . . and then he ran. He ran towards the center of the stage. I saw him kick a plate in the stage floor. I realized what he was trying and dove for him. Lucky I did, too . . . for he was on a trap door. As he started to sink into it, I grabbed him. Clancy looking as though I'd gone out of my mind, grabbed Grove and

pulled him out of the trap as I held him.

"Clancy looked the question, so I said as I got to my feet . . . 'He killed the real Grove! This the real twin . . . the black sheep! He must have had an argument with Grove before the show and killed him. He was stuck, there was no way out. He was a mediocre magician, we found out afterwards and resented his brother's success.

"There he was with a corpse on his hands and . . . a chance for what he thought was an opportunity to take over his brother's fame! He planted the corpse behind the trick trunk and figured on so confusing things that the cops wouldn't know which way was up! He almost made it too."



Nick paused and reached for his hat. Chick, his foster son was on his feet. He asked. "Whow . . . what goes . . . how did you know that the twin was the fake?"

"That was luck . . . you see I know that any magician who produces lit cigarettes as part of his act, invariably gets callous tissue on them, because of the burns he gets!"

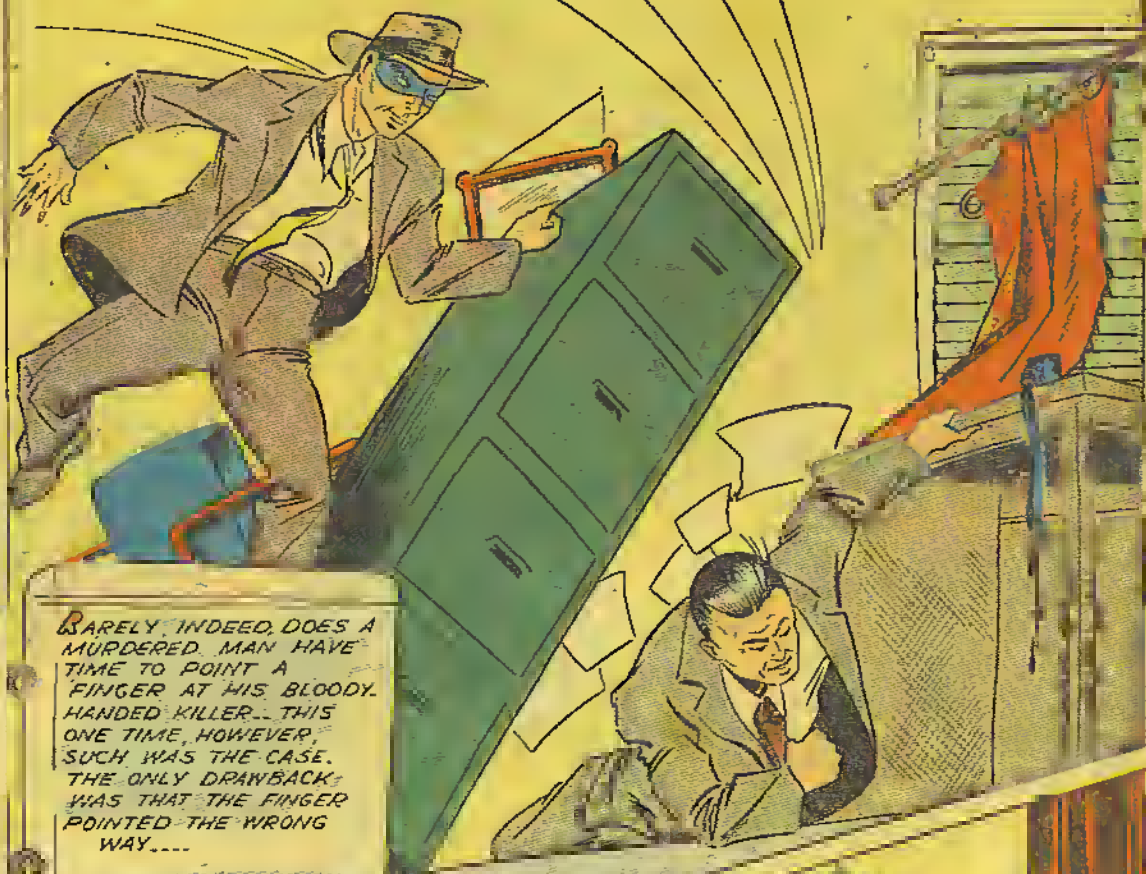
Chick said . . . "Aw, that's cheating . . . we couldn't have known that!"

Nick said. "The whole thing was a cheat, from beginning to end . . . you see, it was about magic and the essence of magic is holding out one piece of info! 'So long . . . see you next month.'"

And Nick was gone . . .



# NICK CARTER in Social Insecurity



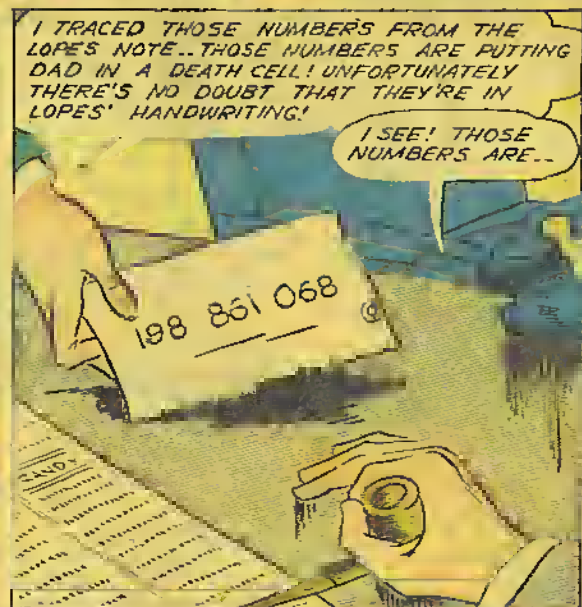
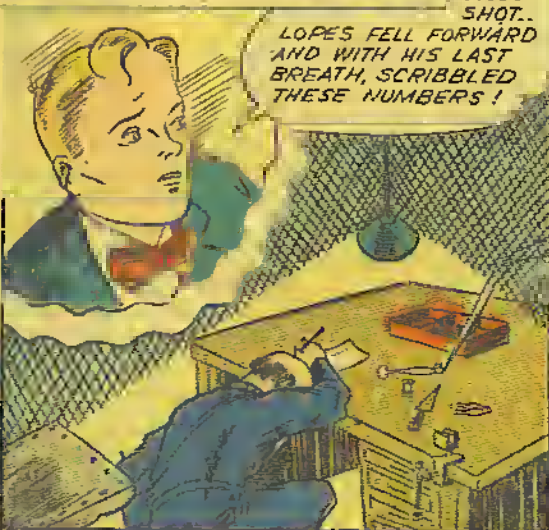
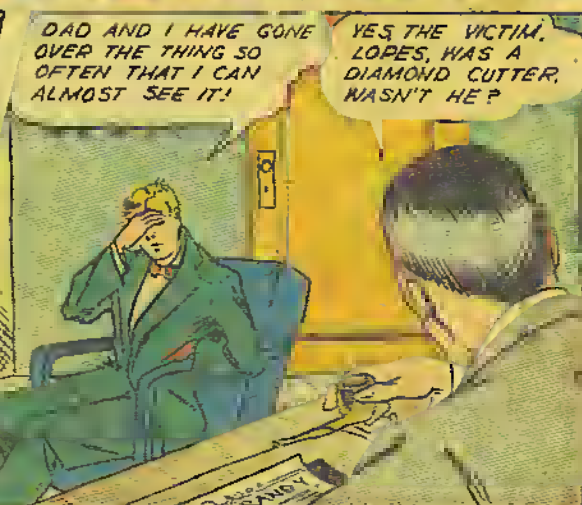
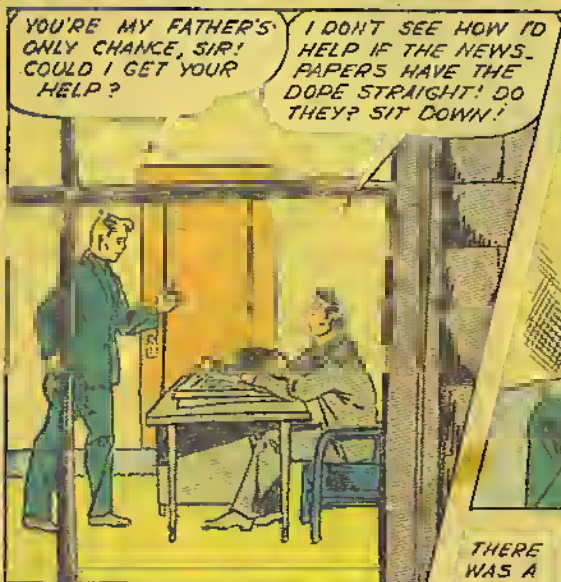
BARELY, INDEED, DOES A MURDERED MAN HAVE TIME TO POINT A FINGER AT HIS BLOODY-HANDED KILLER... THIS ONE TIME, HOWEVER, SUCH WAS THE CASE. THE ONLY DRAWBACK WAS THAT THE FINGER POINTED THE WRONG WAY....

THAT CERTAINLY WAS A STRANGE CASE!

GEM CUTTERS  
KILLER NABBED

TOM RANBY  
CAUGHT!







THOSE NUMBERS WERE THE ONE'S ON  
DAD'S SOCIAL SECURITY CARD!

THAT DOES MAKE IT  
RUGGED TO TRY AND PROVE  
ANYONE ELSE DID IT! GO ON!



I'M RICHARD MANLY, AT YOUR  
SERVICE! I WAS MR. LOPES'  
PARTNER... I WANT YOU TO DO  
ALL IN YOUR POWER TO APPREHEND  
THE KILLER!

WE WILL,  
DON'T WORRY!



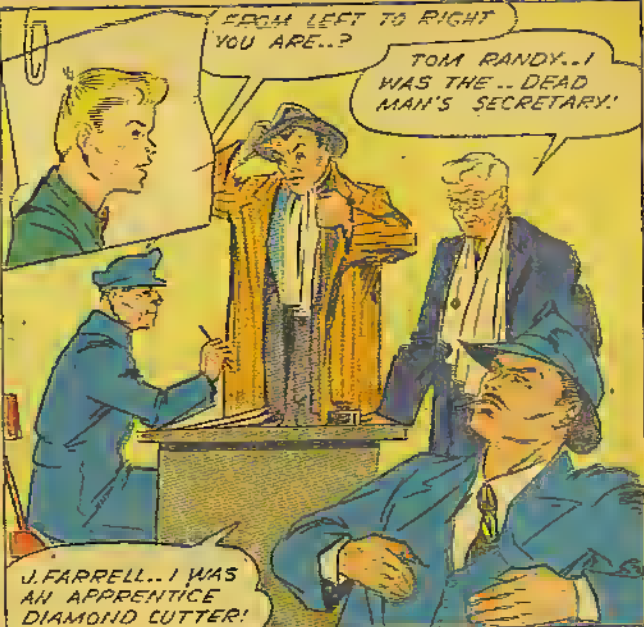
AS I RECALL, SOME MISSING DIAMONDS  
WEREN'T FOUND!

YES! THE POLICE  
THINK DAD HID THEM... BUT  
HE DIDN'T... I SWEAR HE DIDN'T!



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT  
YOU ARE...?

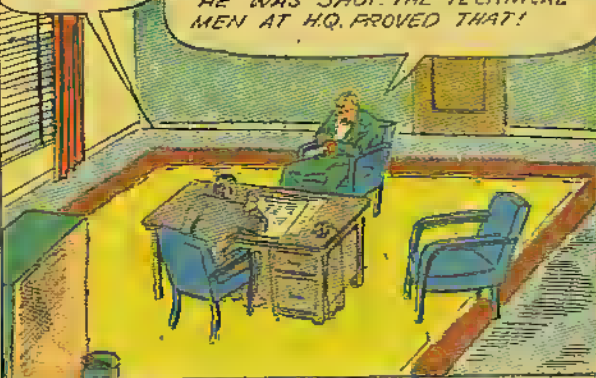
TOM RANDY... I  
WAS THE... DEAD  
MAN'S SECRETARY!



J. FARRELL... I WAS  
AN APPRENTICE  
DIAMOND CUTTER!

THOSE THREE WERE  
THE ONLY ONES  
THERE AT THE  
TIME OF THE  
MURDER?

YES, SIR! THE THING  
THAT MADE THEM ARREST  
DAD WAS THE SOCIAL SEC.  
URITY NUMBER! IT WAS  
WRITTEN BY LOPES AFTER  
HE WAS SHOT! THE TECHNICAL  
MEN AT H.Q. PROVED THAT!



RELAX SON! I'LL TAKE THE CASE AND I'LL DO  
EVERYTHING HUMANLY POSSIBLE TO SOLVE  
IT!

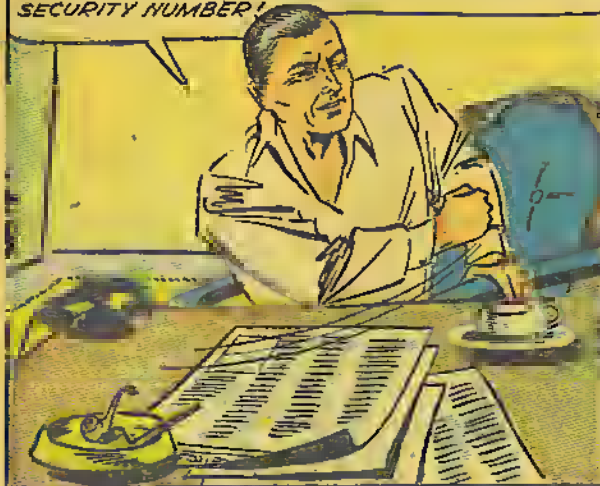
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! I DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!





TWO POTS OF COFFEE, THREE PIPES LATER...

I DON'T GET IT... THE CASE AGAINST THIS POOR LAD'S FATHER SEEMS CONCLUSIVE... AND YET... THE ONLY REAL CLUE IS THIS BLASTED SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER!



THIS SURE IS A CASE WHERE THE COPS HAVE A MAN'S NUMBER! BUT WAIT... I HAVE IT!



INTO HIS CLOTHES, HIS CAR AND...

IF THE BOY'S RIGHT AND RANDY'S INNOCENT THEN THE GUILT LIES BETWEEN FARRELL AND MANLY... HMM... I'D BETTER CALL WASHINGTON!



YES, STRAIGHT THRU, OPERATOR! AND HURRY!

THAT RANDY GUY SURE WAS A SUCKER, THINKING HE COULD GET AWAY WITH MURDER!



I'LL SAY! HE PUT THE NOOSE AROUND HIS OWN NECK!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! SOMEONE ELSE PUT IT THERE! NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUT THAT NOOSE WHERE IT BELONGS!



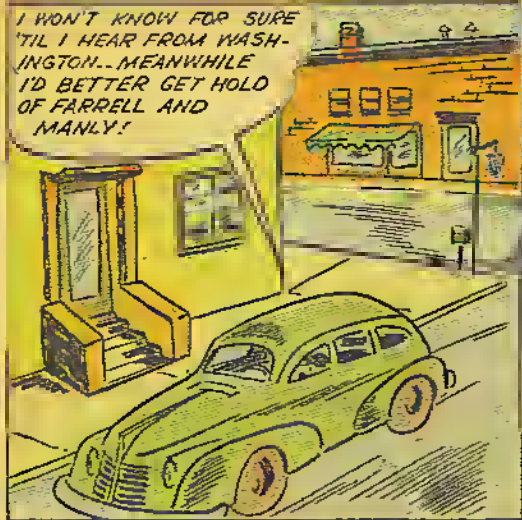
WHO WAS THAT NUTTY GUY? AS IF RANDY WAS FRAMED!

THAT WAS NO NUT! IT WAS NICK CARTER... AND WHAT HE SAYS GOES, WITH ME! HMM... WONDER WHO THE REAL KILLER IS?





I WON'T KNOW FOR SURE 'TIL I HEAR FROM WASHINGTON... MEANWHILE I'D BETTER GET HOLD OF FARRELL AND MANLY!



BUT ONE BIRD HAS FLOWN...

FARRELL? I'D LIKE TO GET ME HANDS ON 'IM! 'E OWES ME TWO MONTHS RINT!

IS THAT SO! THEN HE MAY ALSO OWE THE STATE HIS LIFE!



NOBODY THAT WAS ANYTHIN' BUT TRASH WOULD RUN AWAY WITHOUT PAYIN' HIS DEBTS! THAT'S WHAT I SAY!

UH HUH... MANLY IS MY NEXT CALL! WONDER IF HE'S AT HOME!



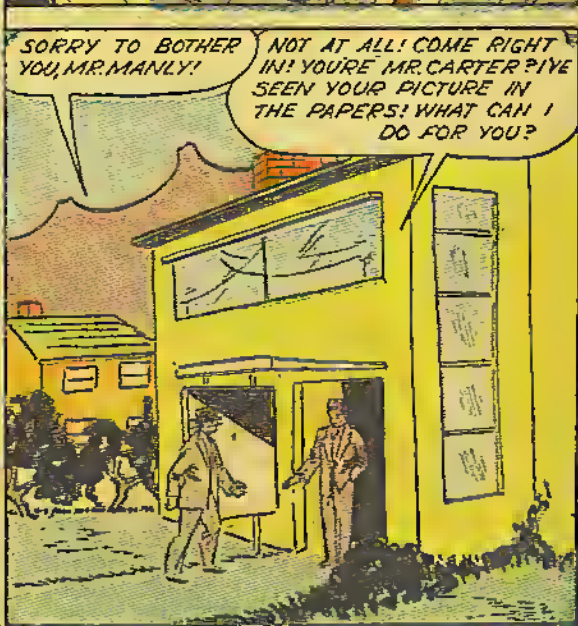
WHEN YE GIT THAT RAPSCALLION REMIND HIM ABOUT MY RINT! 'TIS NOT FOR THE LIKES OF HIM I RUN THIS PLACE!

O.K. I'LL GIVE HIM YOUR REGARDS!



SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. MANLY!

NOT AT ALL! COME RIGHT IN! YOU'RE MR. CARTER? I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?





YOU CAN SAVE ME SOME TIME 'TIL I HEAR FROM WASHINGTON BY SHOWING ME YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY CARD! I THINK FARRELL'S THE REAL KILLER, BUT!

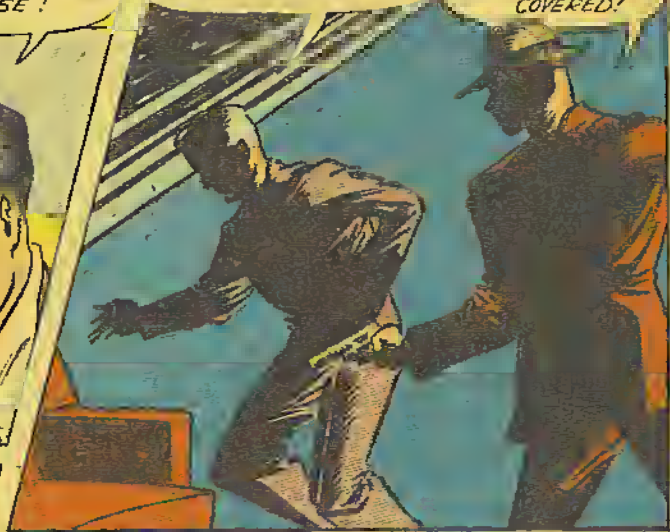
BUT YOU WANT TO MAKE SURE, OF 'COURSE!



SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...

FARRELL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? UGH...!

DON'T MOVE! I HAVE THE ROOM COVERED!



NICK FEELS HIS WAY TO THE WALL... FINDS THE SWITCH AND...

ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS FARRELL?

OH, MY HEAD! YES, I'M SURE... HE GOT MY WALLET! WHY WOULD HE WANT THAT?



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE FOUND OUT I WAS ON HIS TRAIL! YOU SEE I FOUND SOMETHING ABOUT THE SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER THAT'LL PROVE RANDY'S INNOCENCE!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS TOO KIND TO KILL A FLY!



FARRELL'S ON THE WING NOW! WONDER WHERE HE STASHED THE JEWELS... HE'LL TRY TO GRAB THEM AND BEAT IT!

THAT'S A PROBLEM! IT COULD BE ANYWHERE!

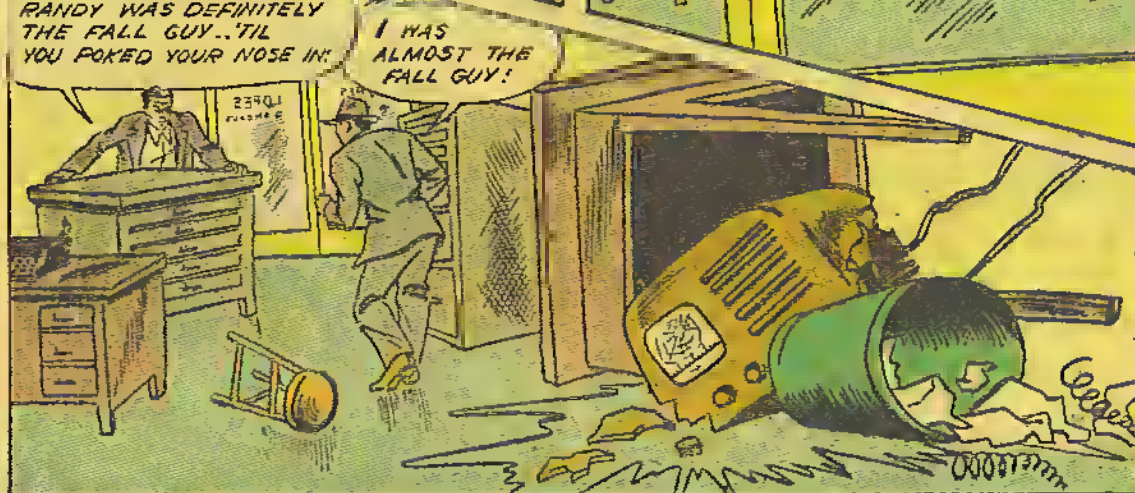


NO! THEY COULDN'T BE ANYWHERE ELSE THAN IN THE VICTIM'S OFFICE... SURE! HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE... THEY MUST STILL BE THERE!

LET'S HOPE WE CATCH HIM THERE!









YOU AND FARRELL  
WERE IN TOGETHER!  
YOU KILLED HIM SO  
YOU COULD KEEP  
ALL THE GEMS  
YOURSELF!

SURE! BUT HOW COME  
LOPE'S WROTE IN RANDY  
WHEN HE WAS THE ONLY  
INNOCENT MAN OF THE  
THREE OF US?



THAT'S THAT! NOW...THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE...  
VINDICATION FOR RANDY...BUT FIRST...!



HE DIDN'T! THAT WAS JUST A PIECE OF BAD  
LUCK FOR RANDY!

THIS IS GOING TO BE  
WORSE LUCK FOR YOU!

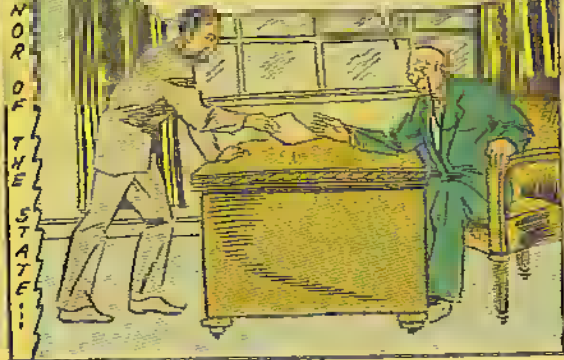


SO THAT'S WHY HE WANTED THE RADIO  
ON! TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM IT! HI HO! A  
CLEAN SLATE FOR THE COPS!



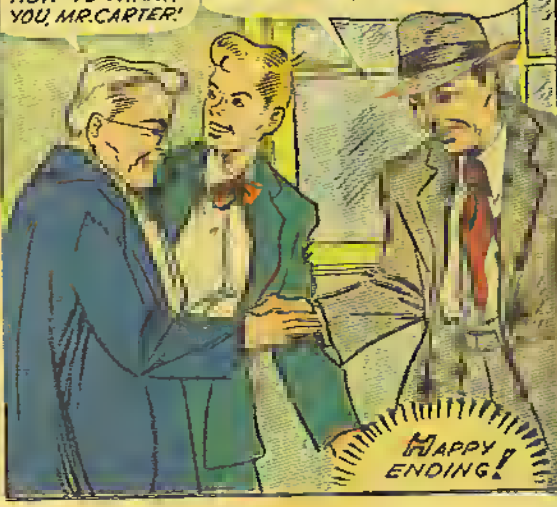
I GOT THE CALL FROM WASHINGTON THAT  
SETTLES IT! LOPE'S, WHEN HE WAS DYING,  
WROTE MANLY'S SOCIAL SECURITY  
NUMBER, 890 198 861!

AND WHEN THE POLICE PICKED IT  
UP...UP SIDE DOWN...IT BECAME  
RANDY'S NUMBER! I'LL RELEASE  
THE POOR MAN AT ONCE!



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO THANK  
YOU, MR. CARTER!

THANK YOUR SON! HE GOT  
ME STARTED, MR. RANDY!



HAPPY  
ENDING!



# DOC SAVAGE

AND THE MAD HATTER!

IT HAD TO BE A MAD HATTER, BECAUSE, SURELY, NO SANE PERSON WOULD STEAL... A BROKEN DOWN OLD HORSE, AN OLD BROKEN DOWN STREET AND AN OLD BROKEN DOWN HOUSE!

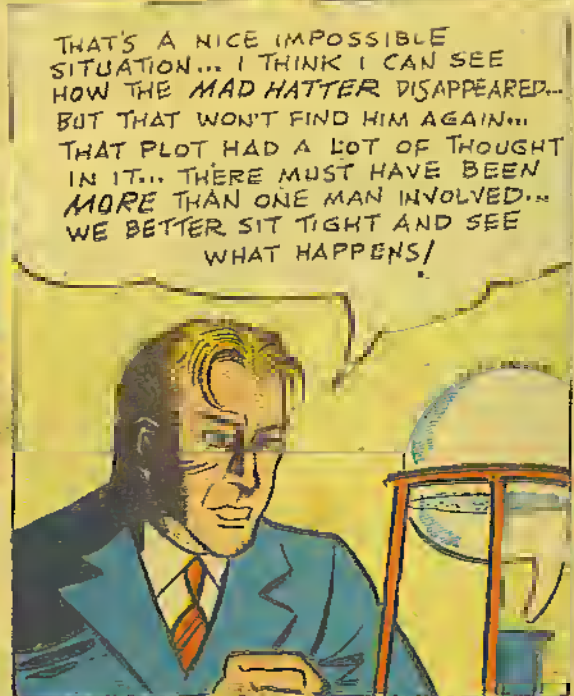
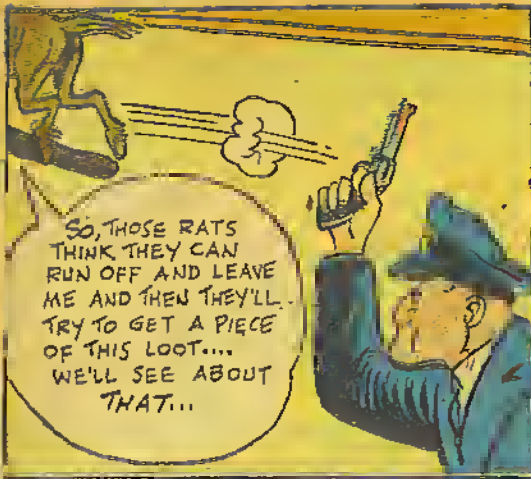
FOLLOW DOC SAVAGE ON THE INSANE TRAIL THAT LEADS WHERE?

IT ALL STARTED WHEN....

THE CAR... THE RATS... THEY DROVE OFF AND LEFT ME... MUST BE COPS AROUND... WHAT'LL I DO... THE HORSE...

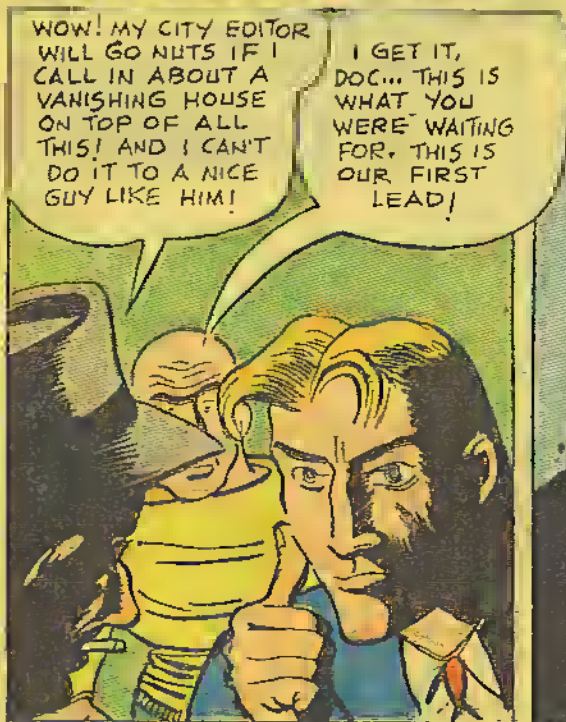
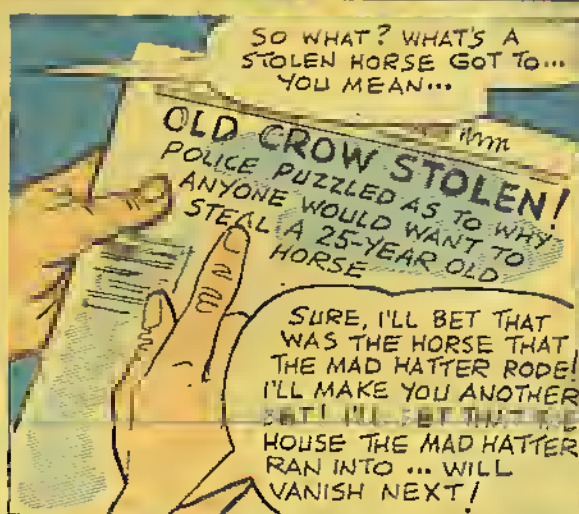
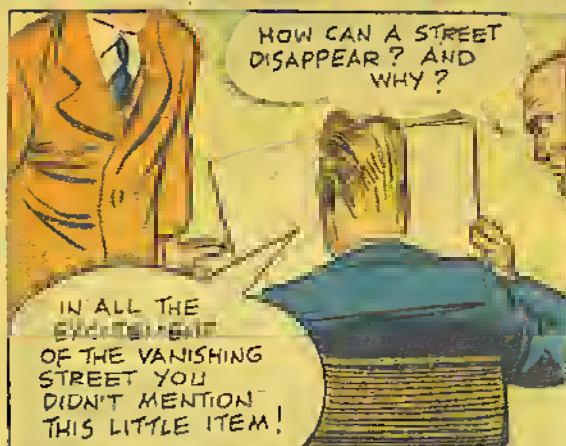
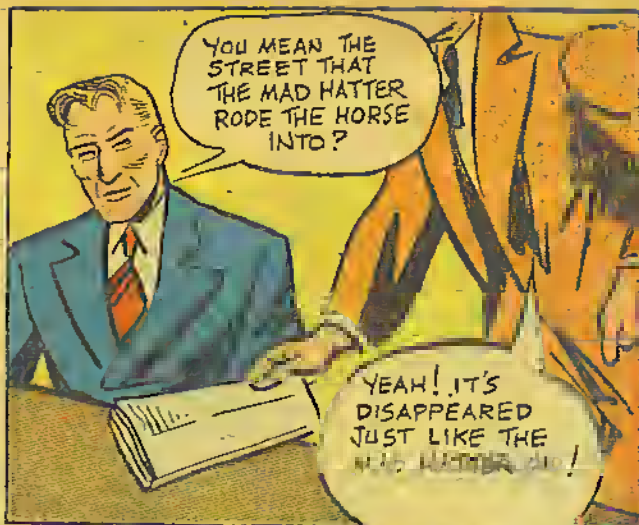
BOOM! BAROON!







WHAT HAPPENS? PLENTY!





TOO LATE!  
THEY BEAT US  
TO IT! WONDER  
IF THAT MAN  
SAW ANY OF  
IT

WHO, ME? YEAH...  
NEVER SAW WORKMEN  
WORK SO FAST  
BEFORE. WONDER  
WHY THE BUILDING  
WAS CONDEMNED?

THAT WAS THEIR  
ANGLE... THEY SAID  
IT WAS CONDEMNED  
AND THEN CALMLY TORE  
IT DOWN. WOW!

I WAS SO IMPRESSED BY THE  
SPEED THEY WORKED AT THAT  
I COPIED THEIR LICENSE NUMBER  
DOWN... THERE WASN'T ANY  
NAME ON THE TRUCKS OF THE  
COMPANY

WHAT? QUICK  
MAN, TELL US!  
THIS MAY BE  
ALL WE NEED!

THEY GET THE LICENSE NUMBER AND THEN...

WELL?

JUST AS WE FEARED,  
THE TRUCKS WERE  
STOLEN... BUT A COP  
SAW THE TRUCKS GOING  
ACROSS THE WEST  
BRIDGE AN HOUR AGO..  
HE DIDN'T KNOW THEY  
WERE STOLEN SO HE  
DIDN'T STOP THEM

THAT'S A LEAD...  
COME ON... WE'LL  
HEAD FOR THE  
WEST BRIDGE...  
AND THEN...

AND THEN KEEP OUR  
FINGERS CROSSED FOR  
LUCK! WHO'D STEAL  
A HORSE, A HOUSE  
AND A STREET?  
THAT MAD HATTER  
MUST BE MAD

NO... THE MAD HATTER  
IS VERY SANE...  
AND WHAT'S MORE,  
HE ISN'T THE ONE  
WHO STOLE THOSE  
THREE THINGS!

WHAT  
!

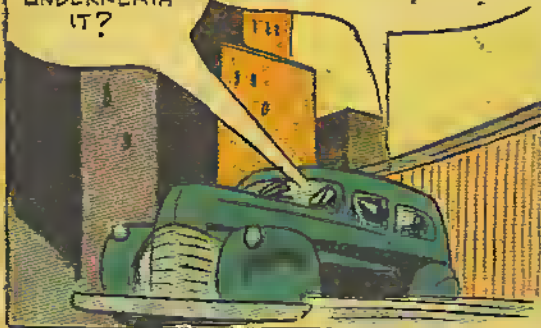
I WON'T TELL YOU ANY MORE  
THAN THAT... HOWEVER, NOW  
THAT WE'RE GETTING WARMER,  
I'LL ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...  
WHY DID THE SANE MAD  
HATTER WEAR THAT INSANE  
GET UP?

AS A DISGUISE, I  
GUESS... WHY? WHAT'S  
THAT GOT TO DO  
WITH VANISHING?



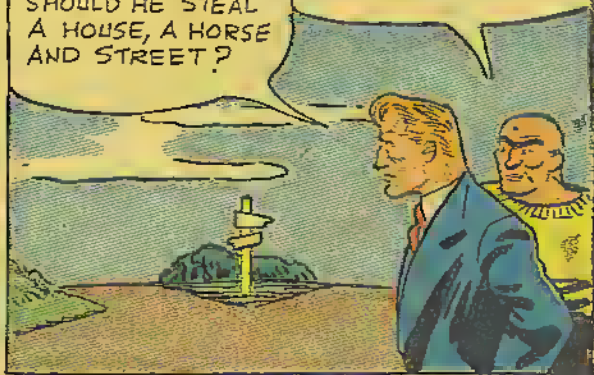
RIGHT THE FIRST TIME... NOW IF HE HAD ONE DISGUISE ON WHY SHOULDN'T HE HAVE HAD ANOTHER ONE ON UNDERNEATH IT?

I GET IT... IF HE HAD A COP'S UNIFORM ON UNDER THAT... HE'D STRIP OFF THE MAD HATTER STUFF AND BE A COP, JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THE ONES THAT WERE SEARCHING THE HOUSE!



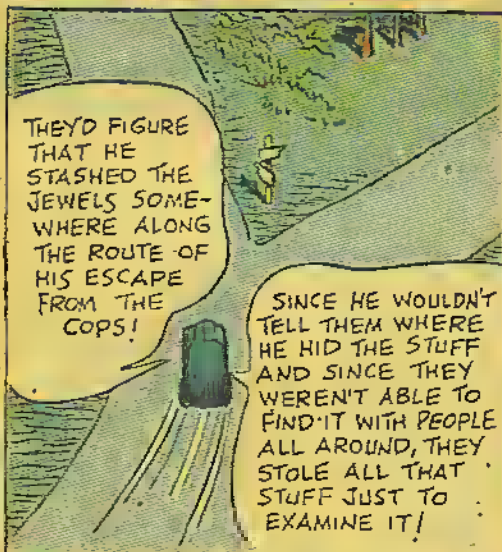
RIGHT! THAT'S THE WAY I FIGURE IT... NOW... THE MAD HATTER HAS THE JEWELS, HE GETS AWAY FROM THE COPS... NOW, WHY SHOULD HE STEAL A HOUSE, A HORSE AND STREET?

HE WOULDN'T! BUT... IF HE WAS CAUGHT BY THE CROOKS RIGHT AFTER HE WALKED OUT OF THE HOUSE AND THEY FOUND NO JEWELS ON HIM...



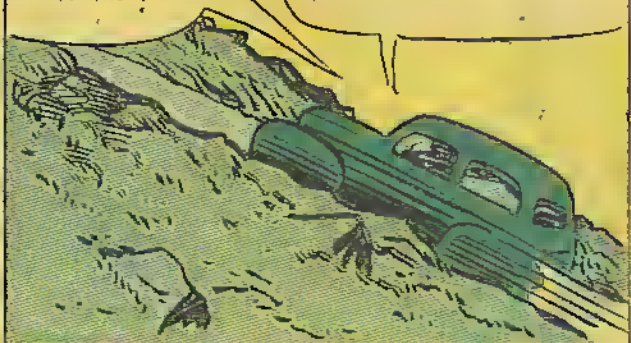
THEY'D FIGURE THAT HE STASHED THE JEWELS SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ROUTE OF HIS ESCAPE FROM THE COPS!

SINCE HE WOULDN'T TELL THEM WHERE HE HID THE STUFF AND SINCE THEY WEREN'T ABLE TO FIND IT WITH PEOPLE ALL AROUND, THEY STOLE ALL THAT STUFF JUST TO EXAMINE IT!



WHEW... WELL, NOW IT ALL MAKES MORE SENSE. BUT, DOC, WHAT MADE YOU PICK THIS ROAD?

AT THE TOP OF THIS HILL THERE'S A BARREN PLATEAU, AND, AFTER ALL, THE THINGS THEY ARE GOING TO TAKE UP A LOT OF SPACE... IT MIGHT BE UP HERE...



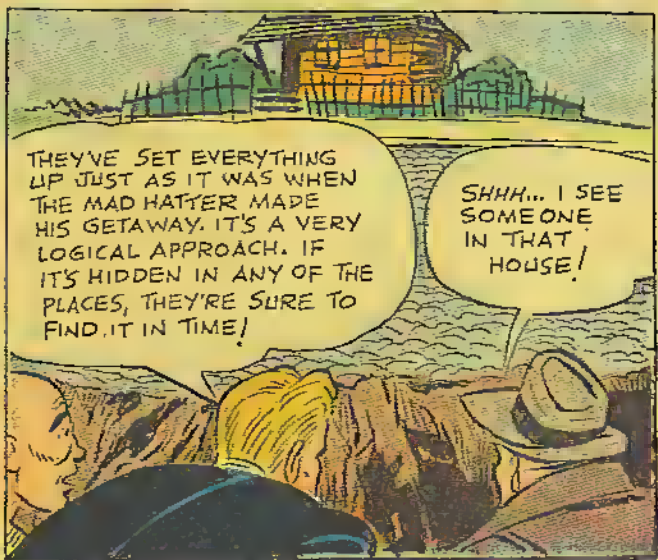
IF I'VE FIGURED THIS RIGHT, WE MAY BE IN DANGER AS SOON AS WE PASS THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL. TAKE IT EASY, NOW..

RIGHT..



THEY'VE SET EVERYTHING UP JUST AS IT WAS WHEN THE MAD HATTER MADE HIS GETAWAY. IT'S A VERY LOGICAL APPROACH. IF IT'S HIDDEN IN ANY OF THE PLACES, THEY'RE SURE TO FIND IT IN TIME!

SHHH... I SEE SOMEONE IN THAT HOUSE!



HEY! YOU IN THERE!  
YOU'LL NEVER FIND  
THE JEWELS WITHOUT  
THE MAD HATTER!



DOC! HAVE  
YOU GONE  
NUTS! THEY'LL  
SHOOT US  
DOWN LIKE  
RATS! LEGGO  
OF ME!

HERE  
HE IS!

DID'JA THINK YOU COULD FOOL  
DOC SAVAGE, MAD HATTER? NO  
REPORTER THAT EVER LIVED EVER  
SPOKE OF HIS CITY EDITOR  
AS A **NICE GUY**! BESIDES,  
WE CHECKED ON YOU AFTER  
YOU FIRST CALLED!



IT'S HIM ALRIGHT! WE NAB HIM IN THE  
COP SUIT RIGHT AFTER THE STICK-UP,  
WE FIND HE AIN'T GOT THE LOOT AND  
THEN HE GETS AWAY FROM US! AND  
WE STILL AIN'T FOUND THE LOOT!



TAKE THEM, MONK! IF THE  
LOOT ISN'T UNDER A COBBLE  
STONE... ISN'T IN THE HOUSE...  
AND ISN'T IN OR ON THE  
HORSE... THEN THERE'S ONLY  
ONE PLACE IT CAN BE!

THIS  
IS DUCK  
SOUP!

WHERE ARE  
THE JEWELS?



LATER... THE JEWELRY STORE WHERE  
THE WHOLE THING STARTED...

I MEAN THAT IF THE JEWELS CAN'T  
BE FOUND, THEN THEY NEVER LEFT  
THE STORE! THE MAD HATTER AND  
THE OWNER OF THE STORE RIGGED  
UP A FAKE ROBBERY TO GYP  
THE INSURANCE COMPANY!  
RIGHT?

YOU  
MEAN...

RIGHT... AND  
I'M WRONG...  
**TWENTY  
YEARS  
WRONG!!**

THE ONLY PLACE  
THEY CAN BE!  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
AFTER WE TURN  
THESE CHARACTERS  
OVER TO THE  
POLICE!





# The Shadow FIGHTS CRIME at Thunder Lake



LEGEND HAS IT THAT *THE SHADOW*, MASTER FOE OF CRIME, MOVES SWIFTER THAN THE WIND IN HIS CAMPAIGNS AGAINST MEN OF EVIL... HOW TRUE THIS CLAIM MAY BE, IS GRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED IN THE FOLLOWING STORY...

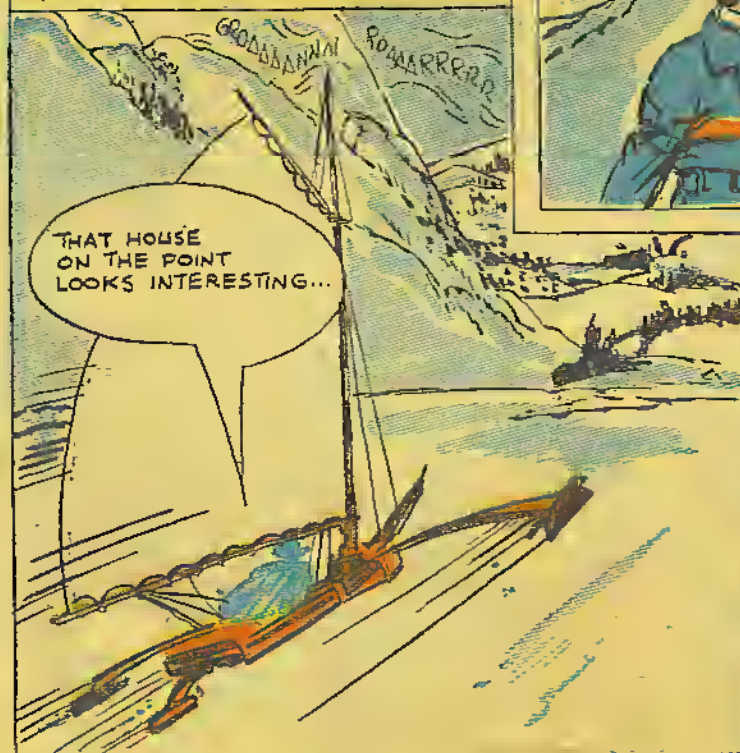
SO THIS IS THUNDER LAKE! WHY DO THEY CALL IT THAT, LAMONT?

BECAUSE OF THE GHOSTLY ROARS THAT COME THROUGH THE VALLEY IN THE WINTER. LISTEN, MARGO!





BECOMING THE SHADOW, LAMONT CRANSTON STARTS A SWIFT TRIP IN THE ICE-BOAT...





MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE ON  
THE POINT...

THOSE SOUNDS,  
MARLIN! THEY  
WORRY ME!

THEY'RE ONLY  
THE ICE, SIR.  
I'LL OPEN  
THE DOOR SO  
YOU CAN SEE  
AND HEAR.



MEAN WHILE

FOOTPRINTS  
LEADING TO  
THE HOUSE!  
MAYBE CRIME  
HAS STARTED  
HERE!



LET'S HOPE I'M  
IN TIME TO  
STOP IT!



MASKED  
OUTLAWS!

THE  
MURDERERS!

HAND OVER  
YOUR DOUGH...

IF YOU  
WANT TO  
LIVE!



I AM!

IT MUST BE  
THE SHADOW!  
I'LL SOCK HIM  
WITH THIS  
LAMP!

WHO'S HERE?  
I CAN'T EVEN  
SEE HIM!







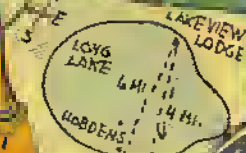
THE NEXT DAY

I'VE GOT NEWS! LAST NIGHT THE SHERIFF SAW AN ICE-BOAT NEAR THE POINT!

THE SHADOW MUST HAVE USED IT!

MAYBE WE CAN FRAME HIM!

IT'S FOUR MILES STRAIGHT ACROSS THE LAKE FROM HERE, BUT IT'S SIX MILES ON A LINE TO HOBDEN'S PLACE



RIGHT NOW THE WIND IS BLOWING AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR FROM THE NORTH

AND AN ICE-BOAT TRAVELS AT THE SPEED OF WIND..

WHICH MEANS IT CAN CROSS THE LAKE IN FOUR MINUTES

FOUR MINUTES ACROSS BUT SIX MINUTES TO HOBDEN'S. SO, AT FIVE MINUTES OF SEVEN, WE'LL FAKE A PHONE CALL FROM HOBDEN, SAYING MASKED MEN HAVE ARRIVED

WHY FIVE MINUTES OF SEVEN?

BECAUSE I'VE PLANTED A TIME-BOMB AT HOBDEN'S DUE TO BLOW AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. THE SHADOW WILL BE ONE MINUTE LATE!

THEN THE SHADOW WILL BE BLAMED FOR THE EXPLOSION!

AND WE CAN FOLLOW IN ANOTHER BOAT AND ACCUSE HIM! GREAT!

THERE ARE THREE PLACES  
WHERE CRIME MIGHT  
STRIKE TONIGHT. WAYLAND'S,  
JESSUP'S OR HOBDEN'S.  
I'LL WAIT AT THE ICE-BOAT.  
IF ANY WORD COMES TO  
THE LODGE, SIGNAL ME

ALRIGHT,  
LAMONT,  
I'LL BLINK  
A FLASHLIGHT

A PHONE CALL  
JUST CAME IN  
FROM HOBDEN'S!  
THE MASKED  
MEN ARE AT  
HIS PLACE!

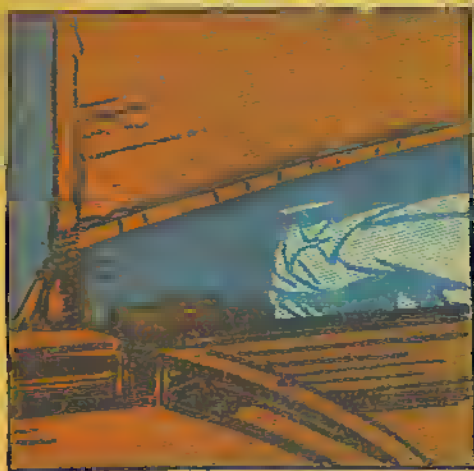
LET'S FIND  
SOME GUNS  
AND GO  
OVER THERE!

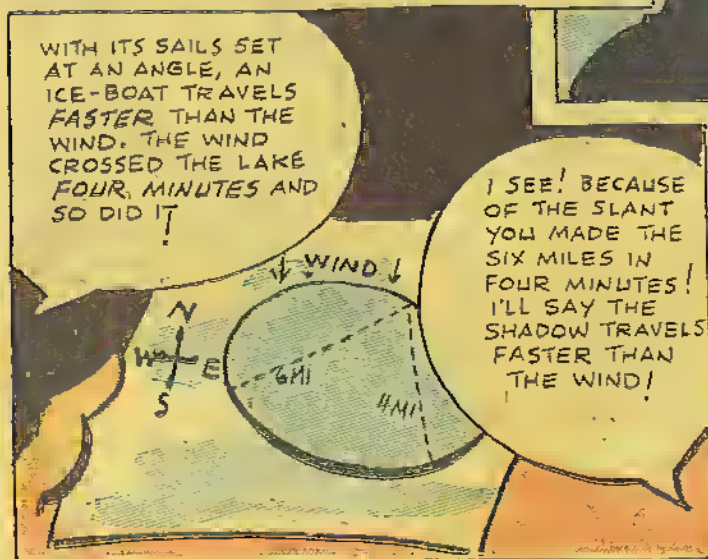
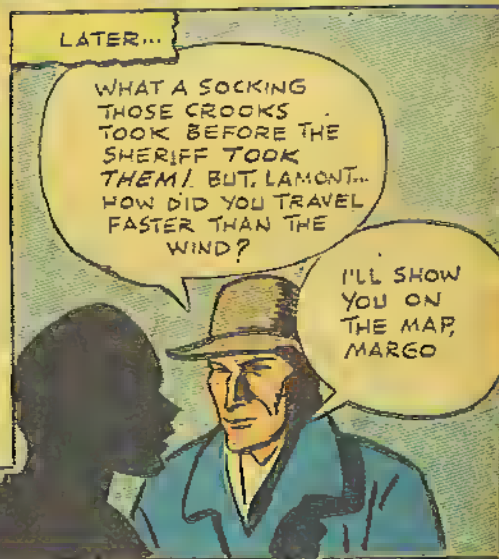
HOBDEN'S!  
THAT'S SIGNAL  
NUMBER  
THREE!

THREE  
BLINKS  
MEANS  
HOBDEN'S!

OFF ON THE INSTANT,  
THE ICE-BOAT IS TRAVELING  
WITH ALL THE SPEED THE  
SIXTY-MILE WIND CAN  
GIVE IT, SINCE FRICTION  
IS ALMOST NEGLIGIBLE  
WITH AN ICE-BOAT... BUT  
WITH ONLY A MILE A  
MINUTE WIND, THE  
SHADOW MUST MAKE  
SIX MILES IN FIVE  
MINUTES... IT SEEMS  
IMPOSSIBLE, EVEN  
FOR THE SHADOW !!!







## THE SHADOW

BLASTS A MERCILESS KILLER

in

ALIBI TRAIL!

A REAL THRILLER

from the files of THE SHADOW  
—appears in the—

**SHADOW  
MAGAZINE**

NOW ON SALE



# FLATTY

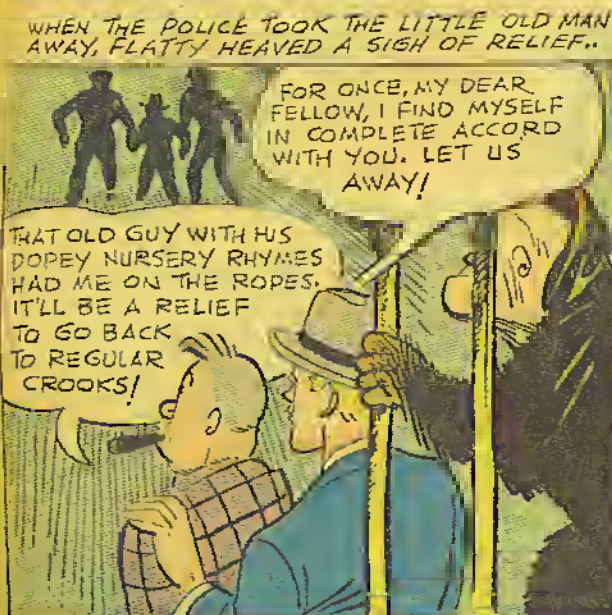
# FOOTE

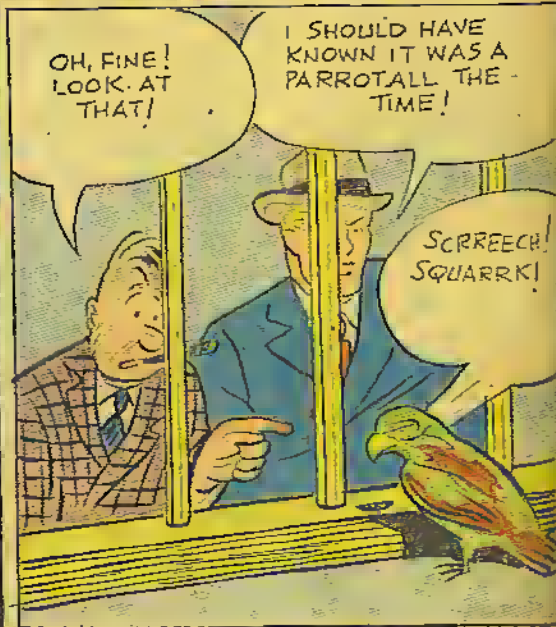
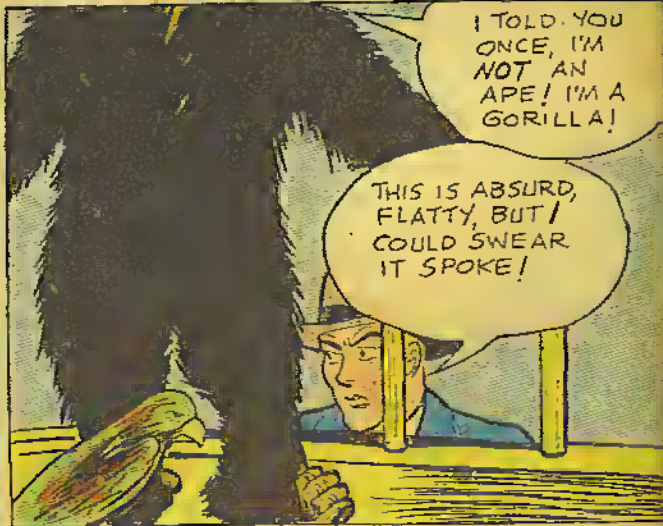
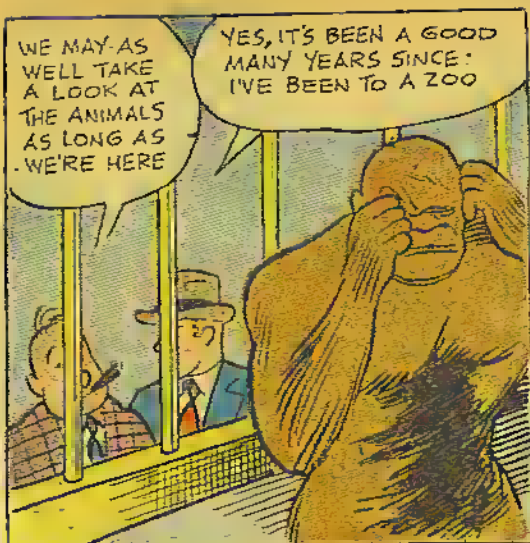
## WHOSE LITTLE ZOO IS 'OO?

POOR FLATTY... HE  
THOUGHT ALL  
WOULD BE WELL  
WHEN HE CAUGHT  
THE LITTLE OLD  
MAN IN THE ZOO...  
BUT THAT WAS  
BEFORE HE MET A  
PECULIAR PARAKEET  
AND THE APE  
THAT WALKED  
LIKE A  
MAN!




WHEN THE POLICE TOOK THE LITTLE OLD MAN AWAY, FLATTY HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF..



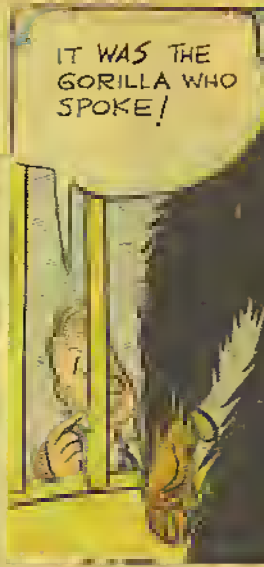







FIRST, THEY CALL ME AN APE, THEN THEY CALL A PARAKEET A PARROT! YOU DOPES, A PARAKEET CAN'T TALK!


NO, OF COURSE NOT, HOW SILLY OF ME... HUH?



IT WAS THE GORILLA WHO SPOKE!




THERE'S MILLIONS IN THIS! HOLLYWOOD WILL PAY A FORTUNE FOR AN ANIMAL LIKE THIS!



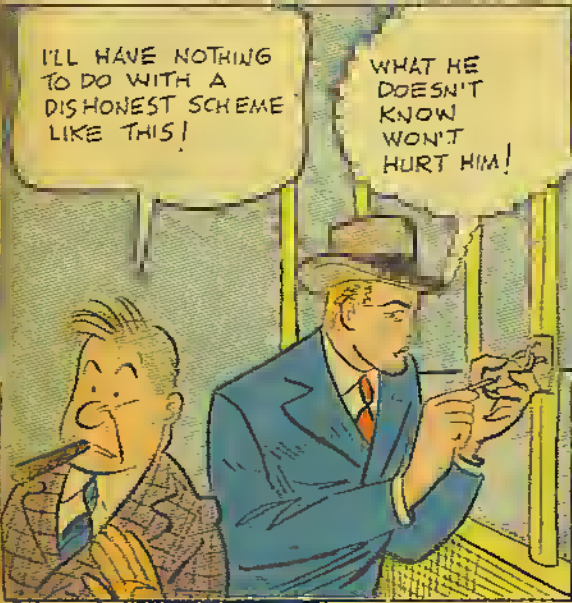
LOOK, BOYS, LET'S PLAY THIS SMART... WHY **BUY** ME? THE ZOO WOULD WANT A FORTUNE FOR ME... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS OPEN THE LOCK ON MY CAGE... AND I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU...

NONSENSE! THAT WOULD BE STEALING!




SOMETIMES YOU CAN BE VERY DIFFICULT, FLATTY!

THERE'S THE MAN FOR ME.. IF I CAN PLAY ON HIS GREED..



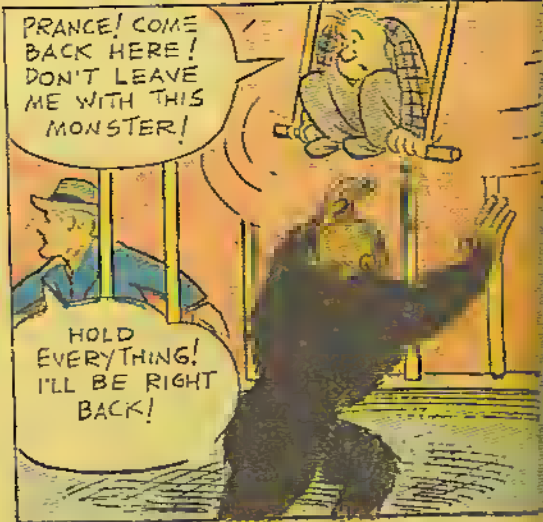
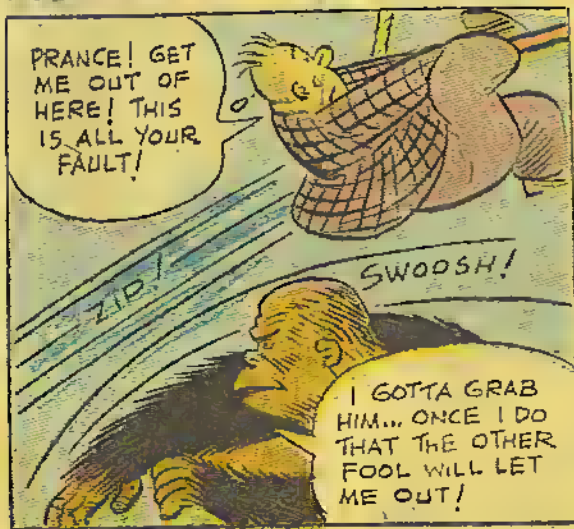
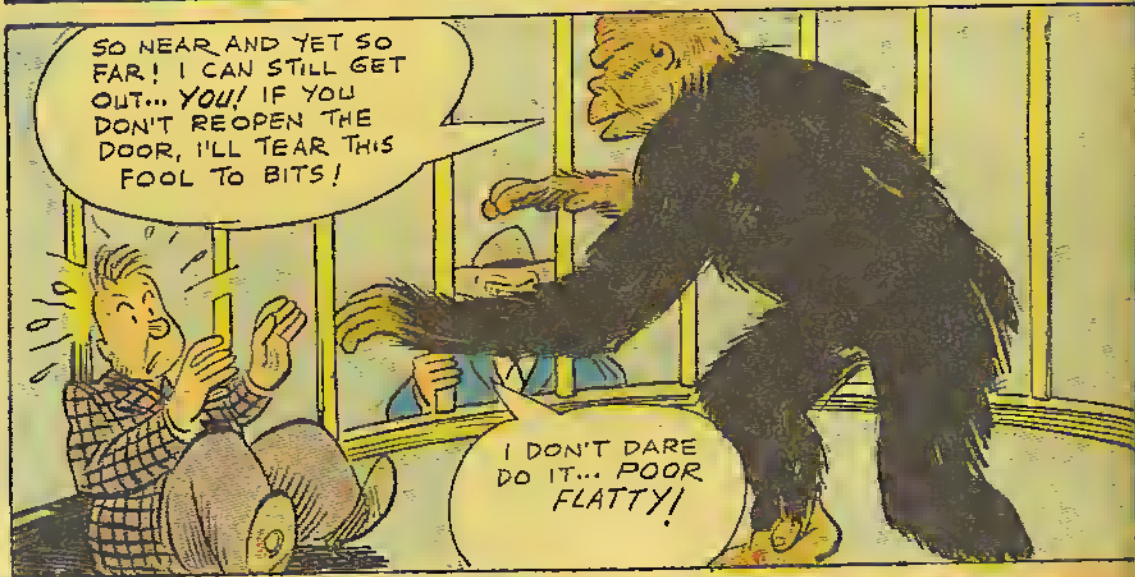
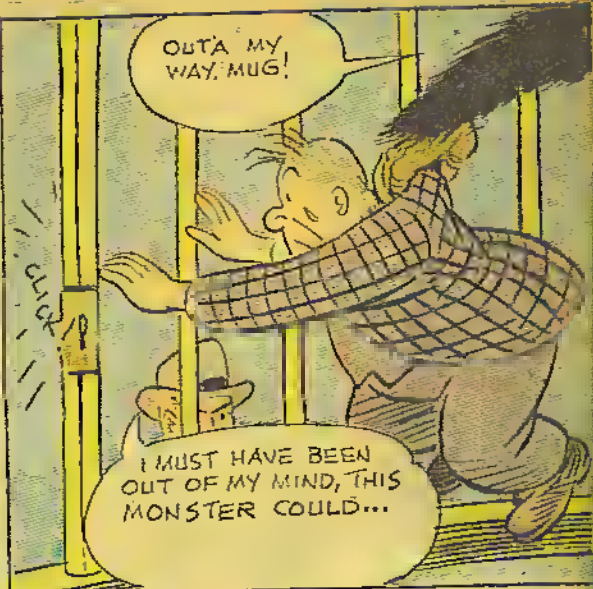
I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH A DISHONEST SCHEME LIKE THIS!

WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM!

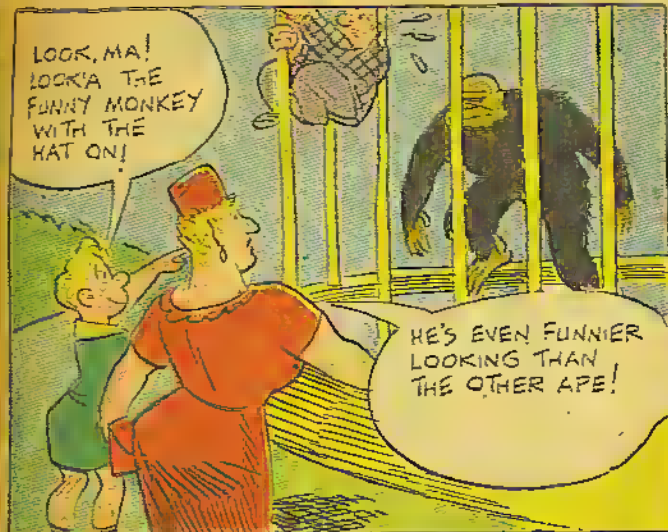


I KNEW IT! I KNEW I COULDN'T TRUST YOU! SHAME ON YOU!

THIS ISN'T STEALING, FLATTY! AFTER ALL THE ANIMAL IS INTELLIGENT, CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR NOT WANTING TO BE COOPED UP IN HERE!

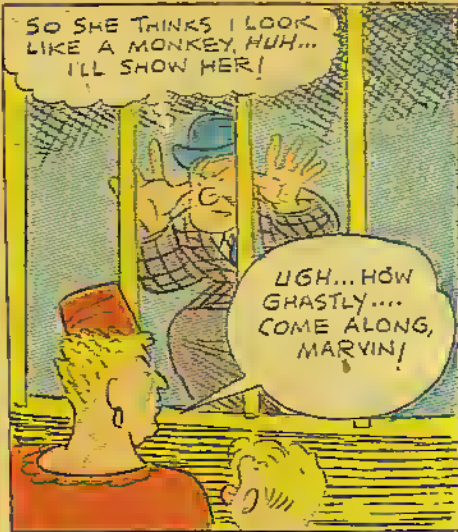






LOOK, MA!  
LOOK AT THE  
FUNNY MONKEY  
WITH THE  
HAT ON!

HE'S EVEN FUNNIER  
LOOKING THAN  
THE OTHER APE!



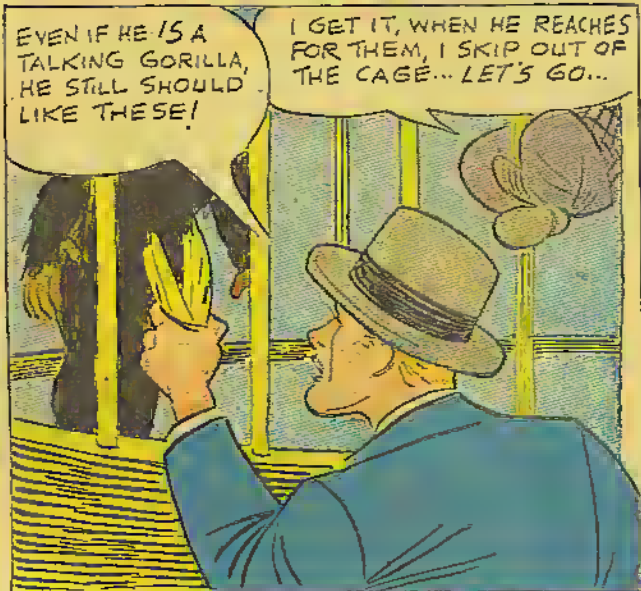
SO SHE THINKS I LOOK  
LIKE A MONKEY, HUH...  
I'LL SHOW HER!

UGH... HOW  
GHASTLY...  
COME ALONG,  
MARVIN!



IT'S ABOUT  
TIME YOU  
GOT BACK!

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A  
JIFFY NOW... GEE, AM I  
GLAD I HAD THIS BRAIN  
STORM... HERE, GORILLA...  
HERE GORILLA... NICE



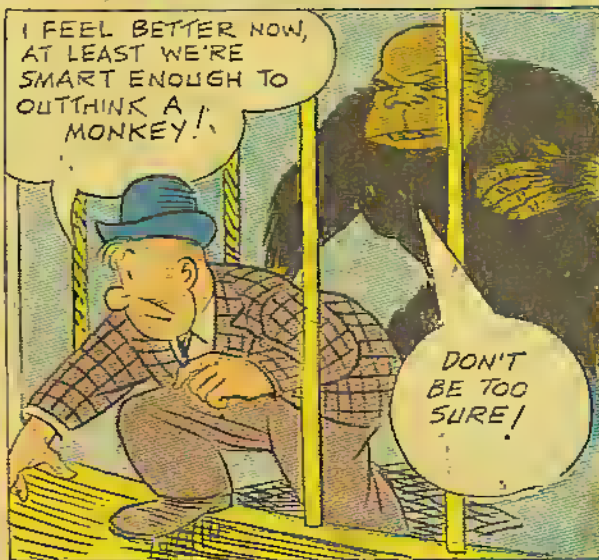
EVEN IF HE IS A  
TALKING GORILLA,  
HE STILL SHOULD  
LIKE THESE!

I GET IT, WHEN HE REACHES  
FOR THEM, I SKIP OUT OF  
THE CAGE... LET'S GO...



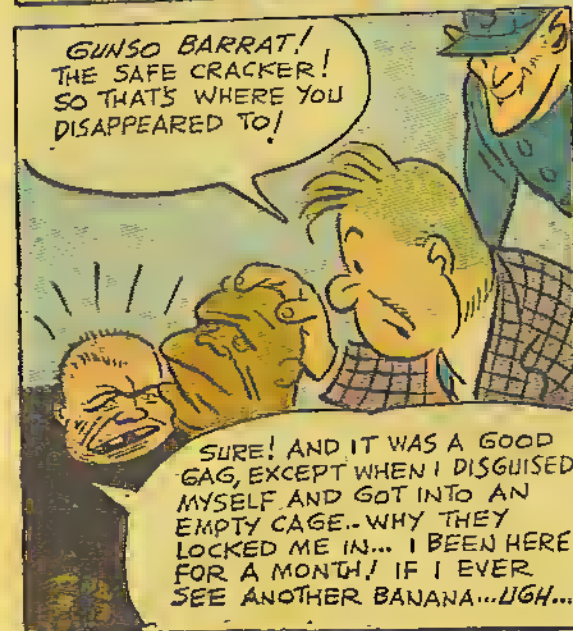
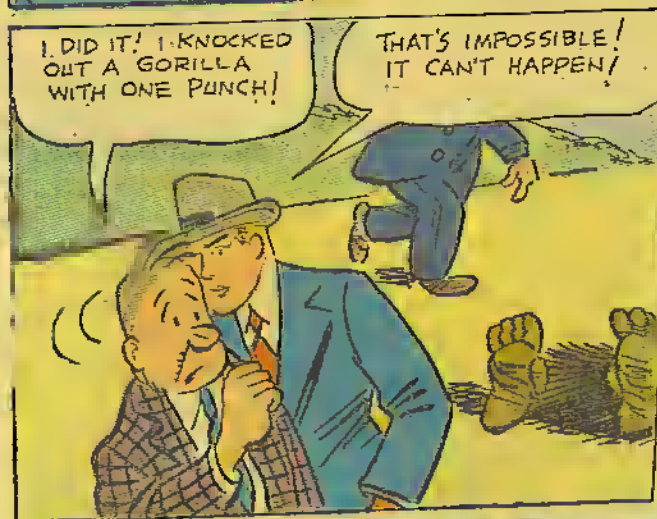
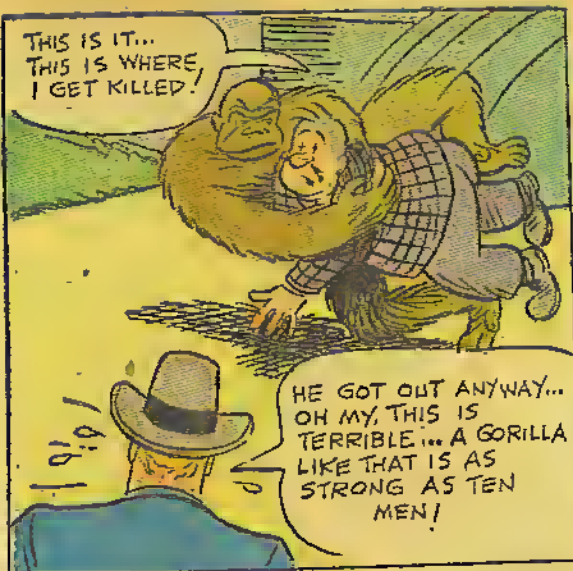
I'LL PRETEND  
TO WANT THEM  
AND THEN...

WHEW...  
I HOPE  
THIS  
WORKS...



I FEEL BETTER NOW,  
AT LEAST WE'RE  
SMART ENOUGH TO  
OUTTHINK A  
MONKEY!

DON'T  
BE TOO  
SURE!





# THE STRANGE CASE OF "THE HAUNTED MANSION"

ANOTHER THRILLING NEWS-PAPER ADVENTURE OF "BING" DALGREN, FAMOUS REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS.....THIS BRILLIANT NEWSPAPERMAN WAS OFTEN KNOWN TO HIS COLLEAGUES AS THE "HIDE-AND-SEEK" REPORTER.

STORY AND PICTURES  
BY THORNTON FISHER



THIS STORY BEGAN MAY 16, 1939, WHEN A REPORT REACHED THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE THAT THE FAMOUS OLD GLADSTONE MANSION AT BAY MANOR WAS HAUNTED—EVEN THE MOST CONSERVATIVE RESIDENTS OF THAT COMMUNITY ACTUALLY WERE BELIEVING THAT THE OLD MID-VICTORIAN HOUSE ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE BAY ENTERTAINED STRANGE NOCTURNAL SPIRITS—



REALLY IMPORTANT STORIES HAD BEEN SCARCE AND DALGREN DECIDED TO AMUSE HIMSELF BY VISITING THE "HAUNTED MANSION" AT BAY MANOR—THERE MIGHT BE A HUMOROUS STORY IN IT—THAT NIGHT THE NOTED REPORTER ARRIVED AT BAY MANOR AND ENTERED THE GATES LEADING TO THE GLADSTONE GROUNDS—THE EMPTY OLD MANSION STOOD SILENTLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST A MOONLIT SKY—



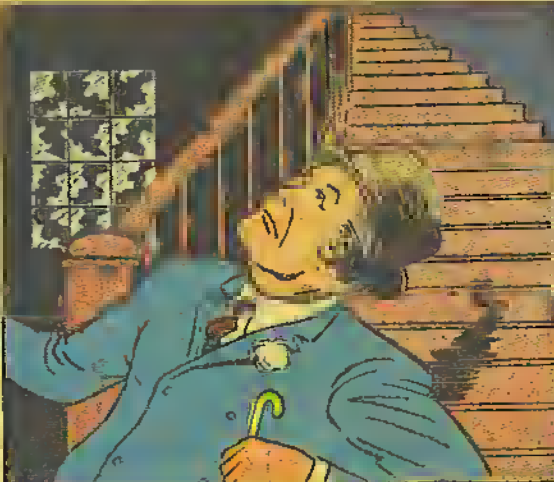
SHUTTERS SWUNG CRAZILY FROM BROKEN HINGES AND SLAPPED AGAINST THE HOUSE, BLOWN BY MOST WINDS SWEEPING ACROSS THE BAY—MOST OF THE WINDOW PANES WERE SHATTERED—DALGREN RAISED A SASH AND STEPPED INSIDE—IT WAS 11 P.M.—



WITH HIS FLASHLIGHT BING EXPLORED THE FIRST FLOOR—



IT HAD ONCE BEEN A GRAND PLACE AND THE SCENE OF MANY SOCIAL FUNCTIONS—ITS MASTER, JOHN GLADSTONE, HAD BEEN DEAD FOR 20 YEARS AND THE ESTATE LEFT TO HIS RELATIVES—DALGREN KNEW ITS HISTORY—



THERE WAS NO FURNITURE IN THE HOUSE AND BING WENT INTO THE SPACIOUS HALL WHERE HE WAITED TO SEE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN. A WINDOW RATTLED—SUDDENLY DALGREN SPRANG BOLT UPRIGHT—CHIMES SOMEWHERE IN THE BARE HOUSE STRUCK THE HOUR OF 12—THEN HE HEARD HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON THE FLOOR ABOVE—



THIS WAS FOLLOWED BY A WOMAN'S PARTIALLY SUPPRESSED SCREAM—THE REPORTER'S BLOOD FROZE IN ITS VEINS—DALGREN LEFT THE HALL AND CROSSED THE HUGE LIVING ROOM—IN A MOONLIT PATCH ON THE FLOOR WAS A SMALL POOL OF BLOOD—HE STOPPED TO EXAMINE IT AND A WARM DROP FELL ON HIS HAND—WITHOUT FURTHER INVESTIGATION DALGREN HASTILY LEFT AND RETURNED TO THE CITY—



IS THIS THE HAUNTED HOUSE YARN, BING?

RIGHT, CHIEF!

THAT NIGHT AT THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE DALGREN WROTE A SENSATIONAL FIRST-HAND STORY ABOUT THE GLADSTONE HAUNTED HOUSE—HE DESCRIBED HIS OWN EXPERIENCE—HIS MANAGING EDITOR, FEELEY, LAUGHED AS BING FEVERISHLY HAMMERED THE KEYS—



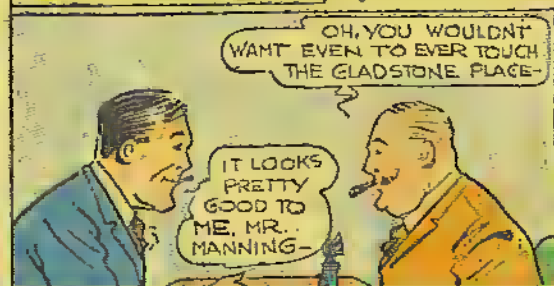
YES, SIR—

NEXT DAY DALGREN RETURNED TO BAY MANOR AND VISITED THE THREE NEWSSTANDS IN THE VILLAGE—AT EACH ONE HE INQUIRED IF ANY ONE PERSON HAD BOUGHT MORE THAN A SINGLE COPY OF THE TIMES-NEWS THAT DAY—



MR. WALDO MANNING BOUGHT 'EM—GUESS HE'S THE BEST KNOWN MAN 'ROUND HERE—A TRUSTEE OF THE TOWN—

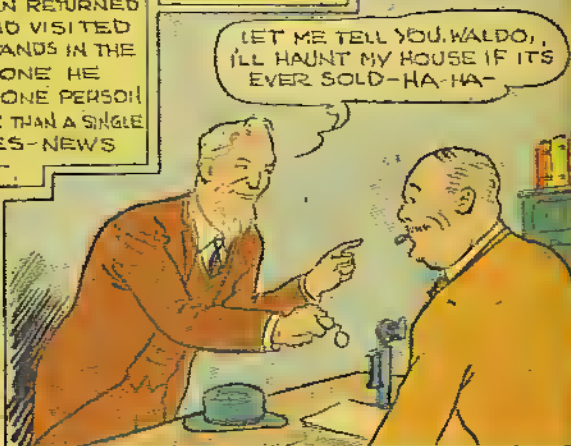
YES, SAID ONE NEWSDEALER, A MAN HAD BOUGHT SIX COPIES—WHO WAS IT?—THE NEWSDEALER TOLD BING—



OH, YOU WOULDN'T WANT EVEN TO EVER TOUCH THE GLADSTONE PLACE—

IT LOOKS PRETTY GOOD TO ME, MR. MANNING—

DALGREN CALLED ON MR. MANNING WHO WAS IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS—CALLING HIMSELF MR. BROWN, DALGREN ASKED THE PRICE OF THE GLADSTONE PROPERTY—MR. MANNING LAUGHED AND ASKED "MR. BROWN" IF HE KNEW THE REPUTATION OF THE GLADSTONE PLACE—IF NOT, HE OUGHT TO BE TOLD—



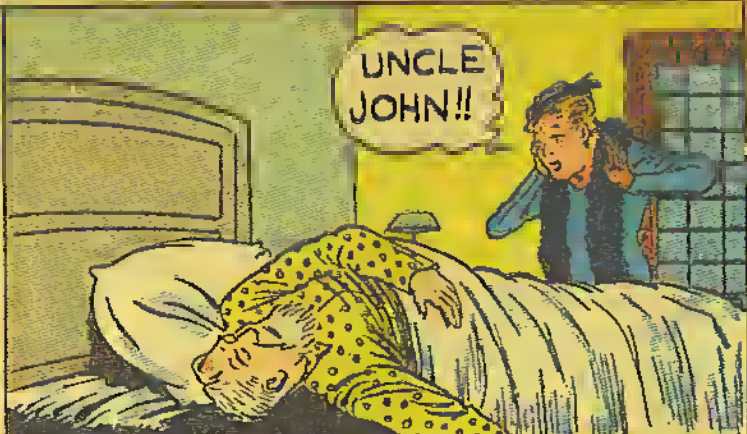
LET ME TELL YOU, WALDO, I'LL HAUNT MY HOUSE IF IT'S EVER SOLD—HA-HA—

MR. MANNING HAD BEEN AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF MR. GLADSTONE—MR. GLADSTONE, A CHILDLESS WIDOWER OF 73 HAD DIED IN THE HOUSE UNDER MOST MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES—HE HAD OFTEN THREATENED TO RETURN AFTER HIS DEATH AND HAUNT THE PLACE IF IT WERE EVER SOLD—AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS DEATH WERE VERY PECULIAR, INDEED



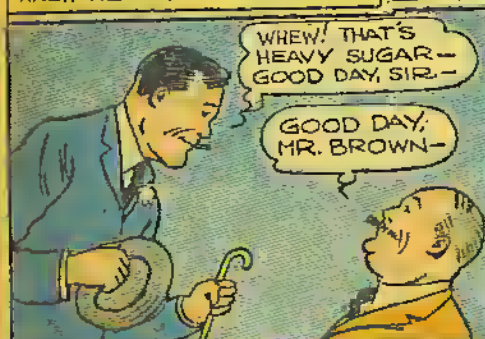


DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS OF HIS LIFE MR. GLADSTONE LIVED ALONE WITHOUT ANY SERVANTS—FOR SOME STRANGE REASON HE ALWAYS KEPT A PISTOL UNDER HIS PILLOW—THOUGH A RICH MAN, HE SELDOM HAD MUCH CASH IN THE HOUSE—HE SEEMED FEARFUL OF SOMETHING—EVERYONE KNEW HE HAD THE REVOLVER—



UNCLE JOHN!!

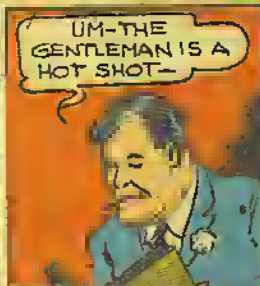
ONE OF HIS RELATIVES CALLED ON HIM ONE MORNING AND FOUND HIM DEAD IN BED—THE SHOCKED LADY RUSHED FROM THE HOUSE AND SUMMONED POLICE—A CAREFUL EXAMINATION WAS MADE OF THE BODY AND THE ROOM—THERE WERE NO FINGERPRINTS—SIX SMALL PEBBLES WERE FOUND IN THE BED AND ON THE FLOOR—MR. GLADSTONE'S PISTOL WAS MISSING—THE BODY SHOWED NO SIGNS OF WOUNDS OR OF STRANGULATION—AN AUTOPSY DEVELOPED NO TRACE OF POISON—IT WAS DECLARED A NATURAL DEATH AND IN TIME THE COMMUNITY DISMISSED THE AFFAIR—



WHEW! THAT'S HEAVY SUGAR—GOOD DAY, SIR—

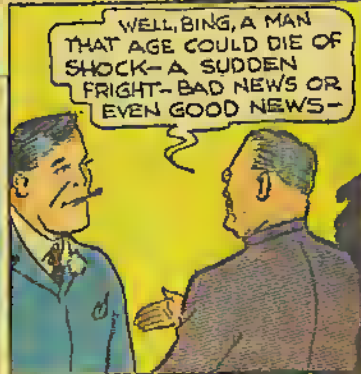
GOOD DAY, MR. BROWN—

DALGREN LISTENED EAGERLY TO THE TALK—HE ASKED MR. MANNING AGAIN WHAT PRICE WOULD BUY THE PLACE—MR. MANNING SAID HE THOUGHT \$250,000 MIGHT SECURE IT—BING SUGGESTED THAT THIS WAS "HEAVY SUGAR" AND LEFT THE OFFICE—



UM—THE GENTLEMAN IS A HOT SHOT—

DALGREN RETURNED TO NEW YORK AND CONSULTED A BUSINESS DIRECTORY—HE FOUND MR. MANNING LISTED AS A MEMBER OF TEN REAL ESTATE FIRMS—HE WAS A WELL-TO-DO MAN OF GOOD FAMILY—



WELL, BING, A MAN THAT AGE COULD DIE OF SHOCK—A SUDDEN FRIGHT—BAD NEWS OR EVEN GOOD NEWS—

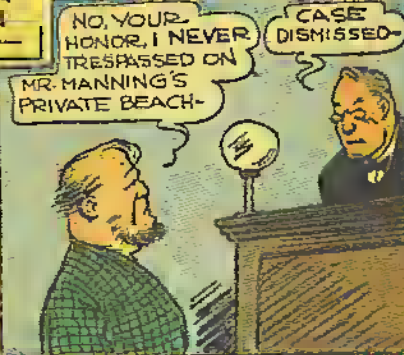
HE THEN CONSULTED A PHYSICIAN FRIEND WITH THE ABOVE RESULT—



SO YOU KNEW MR. GLADSTONE FOR MANY YEARS, EH, HANK?

YES, SIR—SIR—I KNEW HIM WELL—LEMME TELL YOU A STORY—

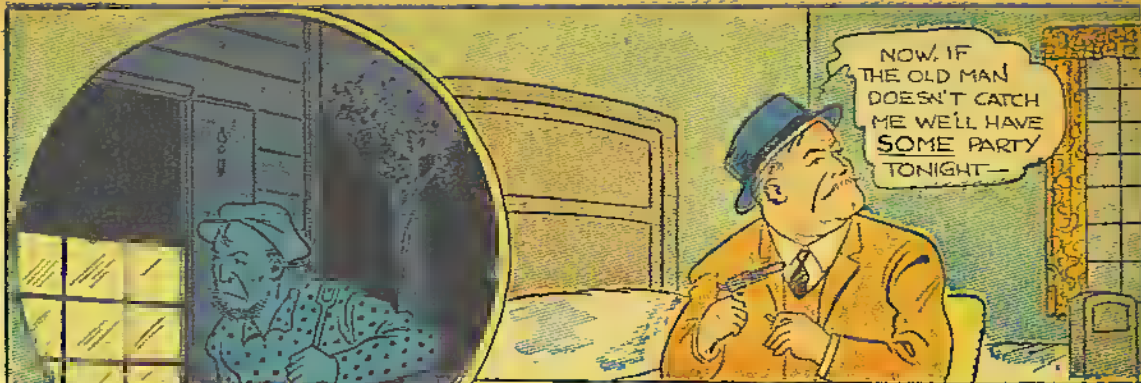
BING WENT BACK TO BAY MANOR AND INTERVIEWED MANY OF THE OLDER RESIDENTS WHO HAD KNOWN MR. GLADSTONE—ONE OF THEM WAS AN ELDERLY CLAM DIGGER—HE TOLD BING A STRANGE STORY—IT SEEMS THAT MR. GLADSTONE WAS A VERY DEMOCRATIC NEIGHBOR IN SPIITE OF HIS ECCENTRICITIES—HIS FRIENDS USED TO "KID" HIM ABOUT HIS PISTOL—MR. GLADSTONE WOULD JOKINGLY REPLY THAT HE WAS AFRAID OF GHOSTS AND WANTED HIS WEAPON HANDY—



NO, YOUR HONOR, I NEVER TRESPASSED ON MR. MANNING'S PRIVATE BEACH—

CASE DISMISSED—

IT ALSO SEEMS THAT MR. MANNING ONCE HAD THE CLAM DIGGER, HANK WOLFER, ARRESTED A LONG TIME AGO OVER A SMALL MATTER OF WHICH WOLFER WAS INNOCENT—HANK HAD OFTEN WANTED TO TELL SOMEBODY WHAT HE REMEMBERED ONE NIGHT—



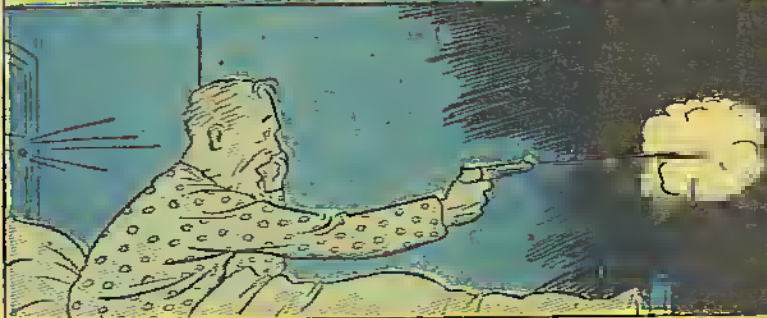
HANK WAS "SITTING AROUND" ONE NIGHT IN 1919 WHEN HE ACCIDENTALLY HEARD MANNING AND TWO FRIENDS TALKING ABOUT MR. GLADSTONE'S FEAR OF GHOSTS—THEY DECIDED TO TEST THE OLD GENTLEMAN—MANNING SUGGESTED A JOKE ON MR. GLADSTONE—ALL AGREED TO JOIN IN THE FUN—

IT WAS ARRANGED THAT MANNING, WHO HAD A KEY, WOULD VISIT THE GLADSTONE HOUSE WHILE MR. GLADSTONE WAS OUT, GO UP TO THE OWNER'S BEDROOM, REMOVE THE SIX 38 CALIBRE CARTRIDGES FROM THE GLADSTONE PISTOL UNDER THE PILLOW AND REPLACE THEM WITH SIX BLANKS—THE OLD MAN, WOULD NOT THINK OF EXAMINING HIS REVOLVER—



MANNING HAD COLLECTED SIX PEBBLES ABOUT THE SIZE OF THE LEAD SLUGS IN THE CARTRIDGES AND THE THREE MEN WENT TO THE GLADSTONE MANSION AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—MR. GLADSTONE WAS ASLEEP—

THEY TIPTOED INTO THE DARK ROOM IN WHICH MR. GLADSTONE WAS SLEEPING—THE OLD MAN AWAKENED AND DEMANDS TO KNOW WHO WAS THERE—THE VISITORS WERE INVISIBLE AND MADE NO REPLY—HE SHOUTED AGAIN AND THREATENED TO SHOOT IF THEY DIDN'T LEAVE—



RECEIVING NO ANSWER MR. GLADSTONE FIRED—ONE OF THE "GHOSTS" APPARENTLY CAUGHT THE BULLET AND TOSSED IT BACK WHERE IT STRUCK THE HEAD OF THE BED—THE OLD MAN FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN—SIX TIMES HE FIRED AND EACH TIME THE "BULLETS" WERE "CAUGHT" AND THROWN BACK—

THEN THE VISITORS LEFT—THAT MORNING MR. GLADSTONE WAS FOUND DEAD IN BED—

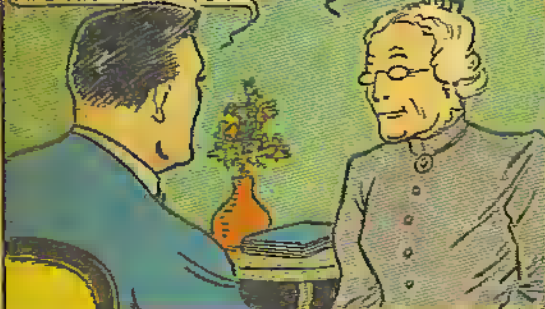


CHIEF, THIS IS IT!  
I'VE STEPPED ON A HOT  
ONE—A NICE MURDER—



DALGREN WAS DUMBFOUNDED AND ASKED WOLFER IF HE COULD SWEAR TO THIS—YES, HE COULD, AND THERE WAS ONE OTHER MAN ALIVE BESIDES MR. MANNING WHO HAD BEEN IN THAT PARTY—HE GAVE THE NAME TO DALGREN—BING PHONED HIS MANAGING EDITOR ABOUT THE TERRIFIC STORY HE HAD STUMBLER ON—

MISS SAUNDERS,  
WHAT WAS THE  
RELATIONSHIP  
BETWEEN YOUR  
COUSIN, MR. GLADSTONE,  
AND MR. MANNING?



THEY WERE VERY  
INTIMATE FRIENDS—  
COUSIN JOHN TRUSTED  
MR. MANNING WITH ALL  
HIS AFFAIRS—

DALGREN CALLED ON ONE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S ELDERLY COUSINS, A GRACIOUS OLD LADY, WHO TOLD HIM SOMETHING WHICH WOVE THE INCIDENTS INTO A PERFECT PATTERN—



AND NOW THE  
COST OF PROPERTY  
OUT HERE WILL  
HIT THE CEILING—  
MANNING WOULD  
NATURALLY BE  
INTERESTED IN  
THAT—

THE BRILLIANT NEWSPAPERMAN BEGAN TO THINK HARD—A NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY SYSTEM HAD JUST BEEN OPENED TO BAY MANOR—REAL ESTATE VALUES HAD SKYROCKETED—DALGREN BEGAN TO SEE A LIGHT—

IT'S LUCKY  
THEY WERE  
BLANKS—

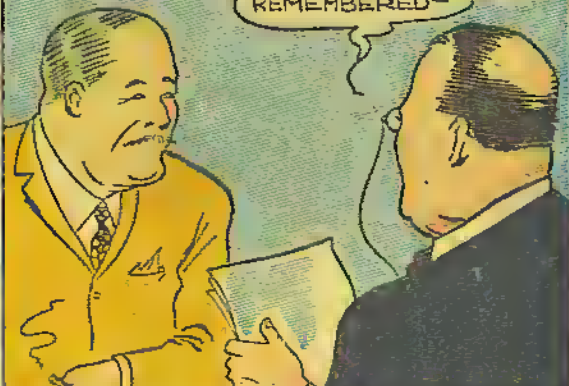


WELL, I WONDER IF OLD  
MAN GLADSTONE WILL STILL  
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS WHEN  
HE WAKES UP THIS MORNING

HE'S SURE  
PULLED  
THAT  
TRIGGER,  
DIDN'T HE?

OBVIOUSLY, THE GENTEEL MR. MANNING HAD BEEN DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MR. GLADSTONE'S DEATH—NO DOUBT HE HAD REMOVED THE OLD MAN'S PISTOL TO HIDE EVIDENCE THAT NIGHT—TO THE FAMOUS REPORTER, THIS WAS MORE THAN A MERE FRANK-MANNING MUST HAVE HAD A MOTIVE FOR DISPOSING OF HIS FRIEND GLADSTONE—WHAT WAS IT?

YOU DREW UP  
MR. GLADSTONE'S  
WILL, COUNSELLOR—



YES, MR. MANNING,  
AND HE HAS LEFT  
YOU \$10,000 CASH  
FOR YOUR MANY  
KINDNESSES TO HIM—  
I BELIEVE HE TOLD  
YOU BEFORE HE DIED  
THAT YOU WOULD BE  
REMEMBERED—

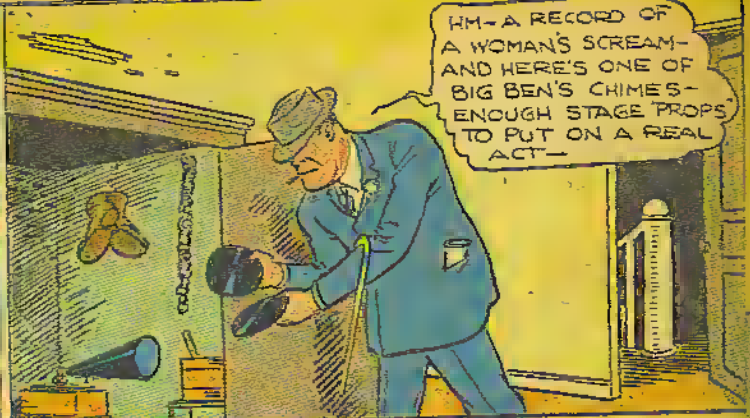
FIRST, MR. MANNING WAS TO RECEIVE \$10,000 UPON THE OLD MAN'S DEATH—SECOND, WALDO MANNING HAD BEEN APPOINTED AGENT FOR MR. GLADSTONE'S PROPERTY—NOT UNTIL TWENTY YEARS AFTER MR. GLADSTONE'S DEATH, ACCORDING TO HIS WILL, COULD THE PROPERTY BE SOLD BY THE RELATIVES—THE TIME HAD NOW COME WHEN THE PROPERTY COULD BE PUT ON THE MARKET—

NEW TRAIN SERVICE  
TO BAY MANOR  
RAILROAD  
TO OUR PATRONS—BEGINNING  
MAY 30, 1939, TEN NEW TRAINS  
WILL BE ADDED TO OUR  
REGULAR SCHEDULE





THE GLADSTONE MANSION WOULD SOON HAVE A PURCHASER UNLESS—YES, UNLESS MANNING STOPPED THE SALE—BECAUSE HE WANTED IT HIMSELF—PURCHASERS SHUN A SO-CALLED HAUNTED HOUSE—SO MANNING “HAUNTED” THE MANSION—THE GHOST RUMOR SPREAD—HE KEPT IT GOING—HE WANTED TO BUY THE PLACE AT A RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE FOR DEVELOPMENT—



DALGREN ENTERED THE “HAUNTED HOUSE” ONE MORNING ALONE—HE EXPLORED IT FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC—IN A FALSE FIREPLACE ON THE SECOND FLOOR HE DISCOVERED A PHONOGRAPH WITH SOUND-EFFECT RECORD HEAVY SHOES, A CAN OF DILUTED RED PAINT, A HEAVY CHAIN AND OTHER ACCESSORIES FOR “HAUNTING” A PLACE—PLUS A LETTER TO ONE WALDO MANNING, WHICH THAT GENTLEMAN HAD INADVERTANTLY DROPPED WHILE HE WAS GHOST PERFORMING—



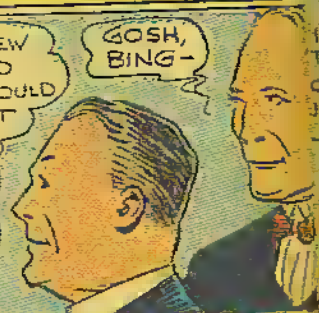
FURTHER INVESTIGATION BY DALGREN DISCLOSED THAT EVERY REAL ESTATE FIRM WITH WHICH MR MANNING WAS CONNECTED HAD SEVERAL “HAUNTED HOUSES” ON ITS LIST—VALUABLE PROPERTIES WHICH MANNING DIDN'T WANT OTHERS TO BUY—HE WAS SAVING THEM FOR HIMSELF—



DALGREN HAD HIS WHOLE SENSATIONAL STORY READY AT THE OFFICE—THEN HE CHARGED MANNING WITH THE MURDER OF JOHN GLADSTONE AND CONIVING AT FRAUD—MANNING WAS ARRESTED—THOUGH NOT CONVICTED HE WAS DRIVEN IN DISGRACE FROM HIS COMMUNITY AND LATER FROM THE STATE—



THE SITUATION WAS THIS: MANNING KNEW THAT OLD MAN GLADSTONE HAD A BAD TICKER AND THAT A SLIGHT SHOCK WOULD KILL HIM—MANNING TOOK TWO INNOCENT FRIENDS TO MAKE THE PARTY LOOK LEGITIMATE—THROWING THE PEBBLES BACK WHICH HE THOUGHT WERE HIS BULLETS SIMPLY SCARED GLADSTONE TO DEATH—IF MANNING HADN'T SWIFTED THE PISTOL I MIGHT HAVE BEEN LESS SUSPICIOUS—THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE—



THE STORY CREATED A FURORE—THE EXPOSED HOAX IMMEDIATELY SENT CUSTOMERS TO BAY MANOR TO BID FOR THE GLADSTONE PROPERTY WHICH WAS SOLD FOR A FABULOUS PRICE AND THE NEEDY HEIRS RECEIVED THEIR JUST SHARES—DALGREN EXPLAINED A LITTLE OF IT ONE EVENING—HE HAD SCOOPED EVEN THE POLICE—

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.



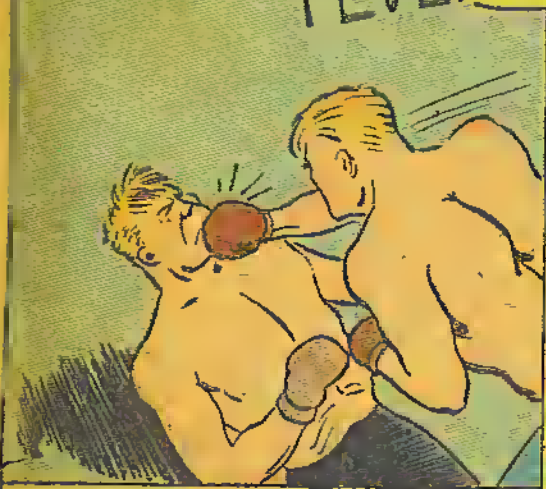
THE  
HOT STOVE  
LEAGUE  
WITH  
THORNTON FISHER

# ONE OF THE GREATEST RING FIGHTERS EVER KNEW

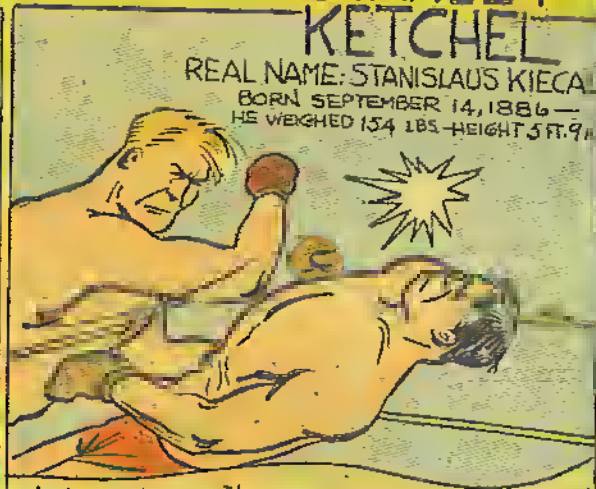


**STANLEY  
KETCHEL**

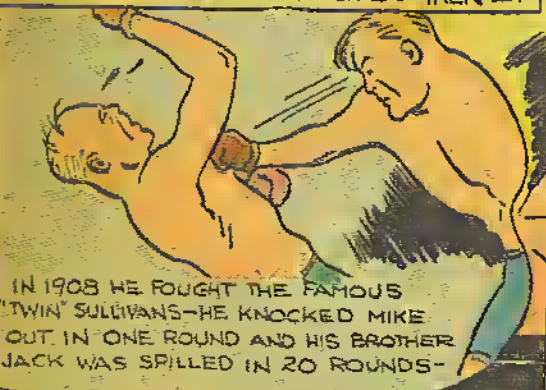
REAL NAME: STANISLAUS KIECAL  
BORN SEPTEMBER 14, 1886—  
HE WEIGHED 154 LBS—HEIGHT 5 FT. 9 IN.



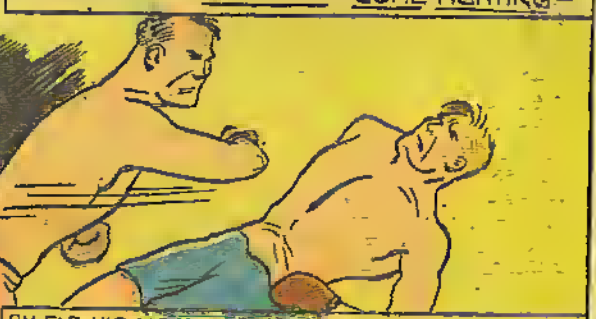
STANLEY KETCHEL WAS A MIDDLEWEIGHT—HE WOULD HAVE FOUGHT TWO HEAVYWEIGHTS IN THE RING AT THE SAME TIME—HE REALLY GOT GOING IN 1907 AFTER KNOCKING 34 OPPONENTS COLD IN NO TIME FLAT IN FOUR YEARS—HE WAS A ONE-TWO-THREE-ROUND FIGHTER—THEN →



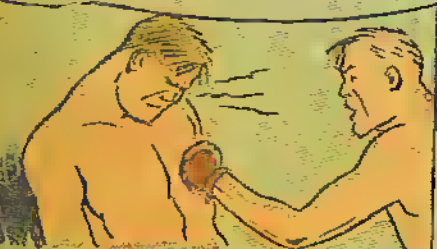
IN 1907, ON JULY 4<sup>TH</sup>, HE FOUGHT A 20-RO DRAW WITH THE GREAT JOE THOMAS—ON SEPT. 2 (SAME YEAR) HE KNOCKED THOMAS OUT IN 32 RDS; ON DECEMBER 12, (ALSO SAME YEAR) HE WON A DECISION OVER THOMAS IN 20 ROUNDS—ON AUGUST 18, 1908, HE KNOCKED THOMAS OUT IN 2 ROUNDS—SOME FIGHTING—



IN 1908 HE FOUGHT THE FAMOUS "TWIN" SULLIVANS—HE KNOCKED MIKE OUT IN ONE ROUND AND HIS BROTHER JACK WAS SPILLED IN 20 ROUNDS—



BY FAR HIS MOST IMPORTANT CONTESTS WERE WITH BILLY PAPKE—ON SEPT. 7, 1908, PAPKE KNOCKED STANLEY OUT IN 12 RDS.—ON NOV. 26, FOLLOWING, KETCHEL HAMMERED PAPKE TO THE FLOOR IN 11 ROUNDS—



STANLEY KNOCKED OUT PHILA JACK O'BRIEN IN 3 RDS. JUNE 9, 1909—



IN 1909 (OCT. 16) HE WAS KOD BY JACK JOHNSON IN 12 RDS.

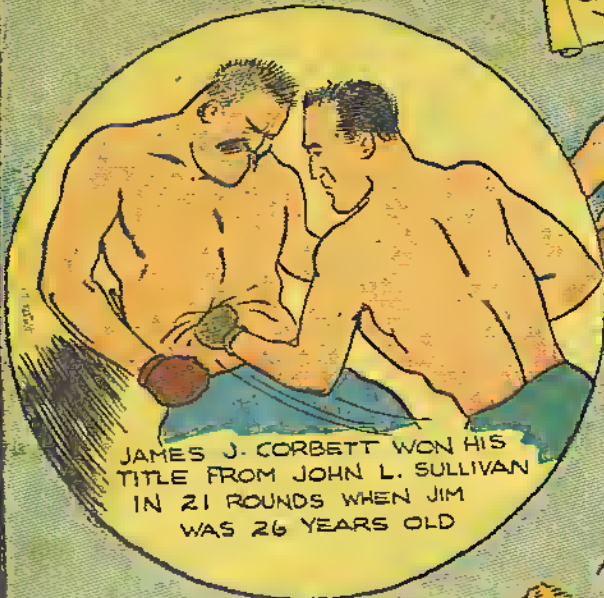


KETCHEL WAS SHOT TO DEATH AT CONWAY, MO., OCT. 15, 1910

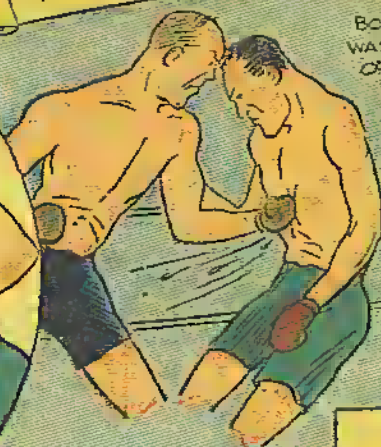
# THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

WITH THORNTON FISHER

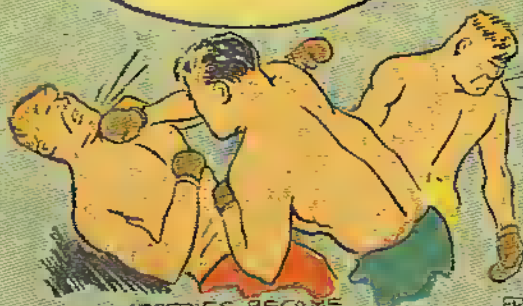
BOYS, HERE ARE SOME MIGHTY INTERESTING FIGURES SHOWING THE AGES OF AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHTS WHEN THEY WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP—DON'T ATTEMPT IT IF YOU'RE OVER 35—



JAMES J. CORBETT WON HIS TITLE FROM JOHN L. SULLIVAN IN 21 ROUNDS WHEN JIM WAS 26 YEARS OLD



BOB FITZSIMMONS WAS THE OLDEST OF THEM ALL WHEN HE WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP FROM CORBETT IN 14 ROUNDS. FITZ WAS 35 YEARS OF AGE—



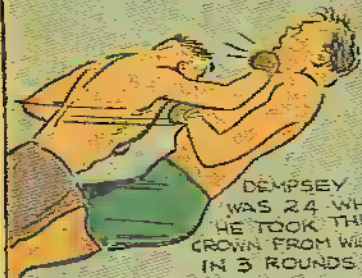
JIM JEFFRIES BECAME CHAMPION AT 24, K.O'ING FITZ IN 11 ROUNDS—



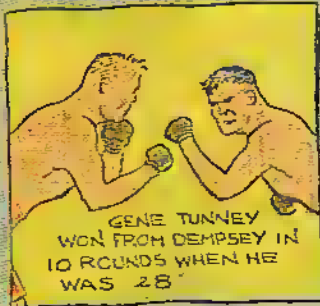
JACK JOHNSON WON HIS CROWN FROM TOMMY BURNS IN 14 ROUNDS WHEN HE WAS 30—



JESS WILLARD BECAME TITLE-HOLDER AT 32 WHEN HE K.O.D. JOHNSON IN 26 ROUNDS—



DEMPEY WAS 24 WHEN HE TOOK THE CROWN FROM WILLARD IN 3 ROUNDS—



GENE TUNNEY WON FROM DEMPEY IN 10 ROUNDS WHEN HE WAS 28—

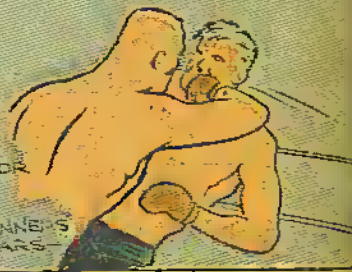


MAX BAER WAS 25 WHEN HE K.O.D. PRIMO CARNERA IN 11 ROUNDS—



JIMMY BRADDOCK WAS 30 WHEN HE WON THE TITLE FROM BAER IN 15 RDS.

JOE LOUIS WAS 23 (THE YOUNGEST) WHEN HE K.O.D. BRADDOCK IN 8 ROUNDS FOR THE CROWN



AVERAGE AGE OF WINNERS A LITTLE UNDER 25 YEARS—